

THE DUBLIN REVIEW

July, August, September, 1923

LONDON

BURNS OATES &
WASHBOURNE Ltd.

COMMUNICATIONS in regard to articles should be addressed to the Editor of THE DUBLIN REVIEW, 28 Orchard Street, London, W. 1. Stamped addressed envelopes for reply should be enclosed. The Editor cannot be responsible for the loss of proffered MSS.

Communications respecting the Publishing Department should be addressed to BURNS OATES & WASHBOURNE Ltd., 28 Orchard Street, London, W. 1. Advertisements should reach the Publishers not later than the 10th of the last month of each Quarter.

CONTENTS

JULY, AUGUST, SEPT., 1923

	PAGE
Pasteur and Renan. By Canon Barry, D.D.	I
The Centenary of Coventry Patmore. By Frederick Page	24
Church and School in Australia. By F. J. Corder	38
Mr. Mallock's "New Republic." By the Rev. Ronald A. Knox	51
A Bygone Bishop of Mayo. By John B. Wainwright	61
Memories of St. George Mivart. By Sir Bertram Windle, F.R.S.	70
The Pope's Mountaineering. By Edmund Oliver	86
Egypt and Israel in the Days of Tutankhamon. By the Vice-President of Maynooth	94
Hermann and Dorothea. By Bernard Holland, C.B.	112

BOOKS REVIEWED:

Miss Eileen Power's *Mediæval English Nunneries*; Canon Dorlodot's *Darwinism and Catholic Thought*; E. M. Tenison's *Louise Imogen Guiney*; W. J. Kerby's *The Social Mission of Charity*; John Ryan and Moorhouse F. X. Millar's *The State and the Church*; Rt. Rev. Sir David Hunter Blair's *Flying Leaves*; Andrew Lang's *Poetical Works*; Father Edwin Essex's *Poems*; Joseph Clayton's *Economics for Christians*; Nicolson's *Tennyson*; H. G. Wells' *Men Like Gods*; Miss Virginia Woolf's *Jacob's Room*; De la Boullaye's *Etude Comparée des Religions*; Bernard Holland's *Belief and Freedom*; Prof. D'Rahilly's *Miscellany of Irish Proverbs*.

SOME RECENT VERSE

THE CITY OF THE GRAIL AND OTHER VERSES. By HENRY E. G. ROPE, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth. 3s. 6d.

"Strong and masculine in expression, they touch varied chords of life and experience, some drawing the soul inward to recognize its own dire necessities, others descanting on natural scenes at home and abroad, but all imbued with a living spiritual power which stirs to higher thoughts and nobler aims."—*The Catholic Gazette*.

"Beautiful in the light of mind and spirit which shines throughout them, Father Rope's poems are also beautiful in many of their outward details."—*The Times*.

A PRIEST'S PRAYER AND OTHER POEMS. By Father ALLAN ROSS, of the London Oratory. Crown 8vo, cloth. 3s. 6d.

"The volume, with its reverent joy, its carefully modelled forms, its vistas of landscape and season, is like a small cloister or hermitage of verse, undisturbed by contemporary eruptions."—*The Times*.

"In these beautiful and solemn stanzas (of the title poem) the daily functions of the priest in his capacity of minister, confessor and preacher are each reviewed, and each is made the subject of a specially devout appeal for help and guidance against the distractions of mundane affairs."—*Catholic Times*.

SONNETS AND OTHER VERSES. By A. W. Square 8vo, paper boards. 2s.

One rarely meets in contemporary verse such lines as these :

"For thou thyself art gone, without a trace
To guide pursuing love, that yet would start
And follow, and break the bars that seem to thwart,
And find, beyond, thy new abiding place."

—*Catholic Times*.

"Gentle, sincere little poems of quite exceptional charm and grace."—*Sheffield Daily Independent*.

COLLECTED POEMS. By RITA FRANCIS MOSSCOCKLE. With a portrait in photogravure. Imperial 8vo, cloth gilt. 7s. 6d.

"Mrs. Mosscockle, who has already excited some attention by her little budget of poems styled 'Fantasias,' writes with much sincerity and a strong undercurrent of religious enthusiasm."—*Manchester Examiner*.

"Mrs. Mosscockle is a versifier of much skill."—*The Times*.

"Refinement is apparent in the author's treatment of her themes."—*Athenæum*.

GOSPEL PICTURES AND OTHER POEMS. By the Rev. A. WALSH, O.S.A. Crown 8vo, cloth. 5s.

"We shall be surprised if lovers of poetry do not hasten to explore on their own account the garden of colour and fragrance of which Dr. Walsh has given us the key."—*Freeman's Journal*.

"There is no doubt that Father Walsh is an artist. There is a freshness, a delicacy, a distinction in the handling of his themes, and it is this flair for the right word that makes it such a pleasure to read his verses."—*Irish Independent*.

LONDON

BURNS OATES & WASHBOURNE LTD.

28 ORCHARD ST., W.1 8-10 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.4

AND :: AT :: MANCHESTER :: BIRMINGHAM :: AND :: GLASGOW

The Dublin Review

JULY, AUG., SEPT., 1923

PASTEUR AND RENAN

1. *Life of Louis Pasteur*, by Vallery-Radot, tr. by Mrs. J. H. Moorhouse. London, 1923.

2. *Ernest Renan*, by William Barry, in "Literary Lives." London, 1905. Hodder and Stoughton. And many other books.

WHEN, in October last, I was writing on St. Thomas Aquinas and had occasion to quote the galaxy of Catholic centenaries lately shedding light on our path, I left out the great name of Pasteur. His memorial day had not yet come. But Pasteur, who was born December 27th, 1822, and died September 28th, 1895, is a name so illustrious, and by the constantly expanding effects of his genius so creative, that in the heaven of intellect he shines alone; with reverence we may apply to him the word of St. Ambrose, "*Sua igitur luce ipse se signat*"—"He needs no other light than himself." St. Thomas, we have seen, deserves to be called the Angel of Reason; and mankind as time moves forward will acclaim Louis Pasteur as the Angel of Health. And of health not only to man, but to the tribes that serve him, from the silk-worm and horned cattle to the dog, his friend and companion. It is no small thing even for the Catholic Church, so abounding in heroic figures, to reckon among her modern disciples this perfect Christian, who enriched and multiplied life wherever he dealt with it. He was a magician, working miracles of healing which will be perpetuated all through the centuries; and he believed in God. During the Middle Ages, so to believe would have been taken for granted, or perhaps I should say guaranteed by law, with tremendous penalties in the background. But many as were the eminent Catholic men of science

Pasteur and Renan

who kept their faith while increasing knowledge after the French Revolution, a dead set was certainly made against religion by others who struck the key-note of public opinion, giving it the tone of doubt, or defiance, or contempt of any doctrine founded on the eternal which their methods could not attain. We, therefore, do well to glory in Pasteur as the ever-memorable instance of a man whose purely scientific triumphs excel those of his contemporaries beyond all reckoning by their beneficent results, while his faith was that of the simplest soul alive, or in his deliberately chosen phrase, of the charcoal-burner. By experiment and fact, this wonder-working master of Nature has taught future generations that in the Nineteenth Century agnosticism was merely a superstition—as Matthew Arnold would have smilingly said, an Aberglaube. Pasteur held a philosophy the very same, I consider, as that of Pascal, and by no means unlike the convictions which dictated to Newman his *Grammar of Assent*. He believed at once in Nature with its laws, and in the Supernatural with its ideals and aspirations. The finite was his province where he experimented and triumphed, subduing Nature by close observation; but he recognized the Infinite as at once a reality and a mystery. This combination it is, of good works with faith unfeigned, which reveals in the creator of modern biology a greatness altogether his own. We may call him the Catholic Faraday.

When he was nearing 50, on April 27th, 1882, Louis Pasteur took his seat in the French Academy. Another man of genius, Ernest Renan, had been deputed to receive him; and the contrast excited as much curiosity as if it were a scene upon the Attic stage, heralding an argument of highest opposing powers between faith and scepticism. The protagonists were well matched. By a remarkable coincidence, the centenaries of their birth, December 27th, 1822, and February 27th, 1823, lodge them not far from one another on the roll of fame; while in race, temperament, life-story, and enduring influence for good or evil, they could scarcely be more unlike. I have

Pasteur and Renan

termed Renan a "radiant sceptic," who yet esteemed himself "wiser than the angels" by a certain shrewdness in keeping double accounts with heaven, according to Hegel's method of antinomies. Pasteur had resolved on this day to declare his belief, not only in the living Infinite, but "in that twofold sanctity which forms a halo round the Man-God, shining by devotion to humanity and by ardent love of the Supreme." On the pavements of all temples he beheld the multitudes ever prostrate before the Eternal, "from whose light were reflected the ideals of art and science, and the Gospel virtues." He bestowed on Littré, his predecessor in the chair now to be occupied by Pasteur, unstinted eulogy as "the Saint of Positivism"; but he went on to observe that "the system itself did not take into its view the most positive of all notions," for which, as he trusted, there would be always a home in the Academy. "Science," he said, "works only in and by correlations between facts; but there is ever a Beyond, known yet incomprehensible, whereby the Supernatural makes itself present to every heart." The concluding phrase, a very celebrated one, came direct from Pascal. It threw out a bold challenge to Renan, who replied bluntly, "You go too far, Monsieur." Belief and unbelief had thus come to death-grips; and science was leaving free space for religion, while dilettante literature was denying human hopes with an air of gaiety.

Renan bowed with sincere homage before the genius of Pasteur, whose scientific career had been a luminous tract in the abyss where life is born. Admirably said and true, reminding me of Samuel Butler's daring aphorism, "The only lawful home of the miracle is in the microscopically small." Yet one may be tempted to ask whether so rare an instance of natural selection as Pasteur, the man of faith and science, was not due (on a sort of Mendelian principle) to the omission from his individuality of many things considered to be eminently French. He displayed neither eloquence nor wit as Paris applauds them; of ironies glancing in all directions, like the shafts of Renan or Voltaire, he had no command, although master of

Pasteur and Renan

exposition with extraordinary clearness and no waste of words in describing or resolving scientific problems. He never went to a theatre; he was quite wanting in the histrionic talent of the "Meridional"; he did not cultivate the social graces of a Victor Cousin; or, whether as youth or man, feel tempted to share in the undergraduate follies of the Pays Latin when he was a student in Paris. He had no vices; and his passions were dedicated to science, home, country, the lessening of human sorrow. He was, then, not French of the Centre or the South, although national in a very perfect sense, and a devoted patriot, as shown by many proofs during the war of 1870. But now I should be telling where this unequalled man of genius came from, of what ancestry he was, and bringing up.

His birthplace was at Dôle in Franche Comté; his father, Jean Joseph Pasteur, an old soldier of Napoleon, and his mother, Jeanne Etienne Roqui of Marnoz, near Salins. The region dominated by the Jura range of mountains, which down to the remodelling of the map of France by revolutionary pedants was termed Franche Comté, never belonged to the old historic kingdom of Paris, though frequently seized and held by French monarchs, until, in 1764, it was finally ceded to Louis XIV. It is a country we have many of us swept through at night on our way from Paris to Lausanne; one or other may call to mind, as I do, a snow-storm falling at Pontarlier as the train paused, and winter in April was yet severe on those uplands. The country is old-Burgundian, of mixed mid-European race; again, I say, neither Parisian, nor Breton, nor Latin-Meridional. The family of Pasteur had been serfs, bound to the estate of the Counts of Udressier as late as March 20th, 1763, when "Claude Etienne Pasteur, tanner of Salins," was emancipated from the "stain of mortmain," he and his unborn posterity, "at the cost of four gold pieces of twenty-four livres, then and there paid in the mansion of the said Count." This transaction antedated the American Declaration of Independence by thirteen years, the French "Rights of

Pasteur and Renan

Man" by twenty-six. I have just been reading in *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, by Hugh Miller, that this celebrated stonemason and prose poet of *The Old Red Sandstone* met in 1826, at the Niddry quarries near Edinburgh, some Scottish miners who had themselves been serfs, *adstricti glebae*, so that they could not by law quit the locality in which from the mere accident of birth they were bound to toil. These things give us a shock; but history keeps the record of them.

The Pasteurs were tillers of the soil, "a sort of tribe in the small village of Reculfoz, dependent on the Priory of Mouthe," and their pedigree can be traced unbroken from 1682. The other, maternal, stock of Roqui goes back in the archives of Salins to 1555: they were "one of the most ancient plebeian families of the country." As a soldier, the father of Louis had fought in Spain during the pursuit of Mina, brigand or patriot, in 1812-13. He was among the troops commanded by Napoleon in his last superb campaigns of defence before Paris, March, 1814; and he won the Legion of Honour deservedly. He kept his sword, but never fought his battles over again, and belonged to the silent thoughtful citizens who wanted only peace with a reasonable share of freedom, while his admiration never fell extinct of the miraculous Emperor, compared with whom the Bourbons were so insignificant. He was a gardener and a tanner, poor, industrious, self-respecting, with a convinced regard for order and the Moral Law. His son Louis never knew what it was to live in an atmosphere of dissipation; at home he learned all that was good, while the corroding spirit of mockery and denial passed him by at college.

In giving these outlines of a life which began so humbly to end in a blaze of renown, I am following M. Valléry-Radot, Pasteur's grandson, whose volume has become a classic, and is familiar to English readers in Mrs. R. L. Devonshire's very adequate translation, of more than twenty years' standing. The French original is, beyond question, a masterpiece, designed and executed under severe conditions. It has, indeed, thanks to Pasteur him-

Pasteur and Renan

self, an epic unity and a culminating interest. The unity is derived from two things: a simplicity of moral character, which from first to last never varies, and a logic of induction, or of mental pursuit, tireless in keeping the track of each new discovery, commencing in the not-living or inorganic world, and then passing on to the world of life. Pasteur will seem, to future generations, the true historic Hercules fighting with many-visaged Death and conquering disease. The record of his labours cannot be a pretty story, but it is a very noble one. He has been called from a hygienic point of view the greatest benefactor known to our race. It is certain that all modern therapeutics depend both as to theory and practice on his doctrine of living germs, combined with his experimental disproof of what was admitted since the time of Aristotle as being "spontaneous generation." Pasteur's decisive victory over Liebig in the battle of ferments, so to call it, marks an epoch from which biology must henceforth date. Unlike the still ambiguous "natural selection" of Darwin, this demonstration of life from life only, and never in human experience from the not-living, is a sure guide to definite results. Summing up the purely scientific merits of Pasteur, we may, with Sir William Osler, affirm that he has given us a knowledge not merely of the true nature of fermentation, and in consequence has enabled us to understand the chief maladies which afflict men and the animal world, but likewise of the measures whereby to protect the body against those maladies, or to neutralize their poison after its entrance within the system. Pasteur completes the work of Jenner, whose remembrance also demands our present gratitude. But inoculation, as Jenner left it, was purely empirical; and such to a lamentable extent medicine remained long after his day. "At the middle of the last century," observes Sir William Osler, "we did not know much more of the actual causes of the great scourges of the race, the plagues, the fevers, and the pestilences, than did the Greeks. Here comes in Pasteur's great work. Before him Egyptian darkness; with

Pasteur and Renan

his advent a light that brightens more and more."

Praise of this magnificent quality is rare indeed; but the writer crowns it by a happy quotation from some unknown admirer of Pasteur, "He was the most perfect man that has ever entered the Kingdom of Science." These words take us back long before the fatal year 1914, when millions upon millions flung themselves into a world-war unimaginable to ages not like our own, dismally accomplished in all the arts of destruction. So frightful an experiment, however, as it was, it became a proof on the most colossal scale of Pasteur's germ-theory; and his methods, employed against typhoid, tetanus, and other once devastating consequences of the battlefield, were the means of saving untold numbers destined, if these had been undiscovered, to swell the lists of casualties already without parallel. Devout minds will recognize that so greatly-needed a preventive of suffering and death had been revealed by Providence, as though in pity to mankind on the eve of its fiercest trial; and judgment was tempered by mercy. From henceforth, it may confidently be hoped, the struggle to eliminate disease will have its plan of campaign drawn up in obedience to knowledge. Man has been taught by Pasteur how to seek out his enemy among the myriads of hidden germs, to identify it, and to transform it into a protection against its own virus. For the first time since our race began we have a clear view of what is meant by malaria, the sleeping sickness, diphtheria, rabies, yellow and black fevers; medicine can now hold out a prospect of subduing to civilization the hitherto plague-infected regions where Death has reigned; and from this outlook we may cheerfully grant to Sir William Osler that "the future belongs to science," adding, as he would, that Pasteur remains appointed human keeper of the gate of life.

Son of a tanner and grandson of a serf, this obscure provincial of Arbois in Franche Comté had no social advantages. But he inherited a sound constitution which was equal to hard and prolonged exertion; his mental

Pasteur and Renan

powers developed with a steady self-confidence, slowly it would seem, for "he never affirmed anything of which he was not absolutely sure," yet his gifts of drawing and colour betrayed the artist, and he possessed in himself the scientific imagination which anticipates and thereby prepares discovery. "Will, work, success," he wrote to his sisters in 1840, when he was not 16, "fill human existence." He aimed early at making the best of all his powers, and was exceptionally grave, while affectionate and remarkable for the depth of his friendship, a fine characteristic which he never lost. His parents "considered their children's education almost as necessary as their daily bread"; and it was Catholic, earnest, and (to borrow a significant word of the Saints with us) "interior." Louis repaid them by perfect obedience; and of his father he said, "for thirty years I have been his constant care; I owe everything to him." The picture of a genuine French household sketched in the pages I am glancing at is no less touching than delightful. When first he had to leave it for Paris in 1838 the lad was heart-broken, and his father took him home. After some four years, in October, 1842, he went back to study for the École Normale, was admitted in 1843, and before long was talking over questions of physical science with his friend Chappuis in the Luxembourg Gardens. He had found not only his calling in life, but the actual problem from which all his investigations would begin, as well as the method of its solution. The name of Mitscherlich, chemist and crystallographer of Berlin, with his note of inquiry concerning tartaric acid and its behaviour towards polarized light, will figure always in Pasteur's biography like the falling apple of Newtonian legend; but from this conversation, which is authentic, we should now follow the amazing sequences, theoretical and real, which occupied a full half-century down to 1895, when the master was given rest from his labours.

In the discourse which welcomed him to the Academy in 1882, M. Renan drew up a brilliant recapitulation of these conquests over the unknown, not even then having

Pasteur and Renan

by any means reached their term. Pasteur, as we should always bear in mind, was not a metaphysician; he decided nothing prior to experience, but, like his contemporary Mendel, made trial of Nature's proceedings and stated the outcome. He found this by remarkably simple but effective expedients, which admitted of repetition and could be verified at pleasure. But in his own mind a logic prevailed which led him on, step by step, from dead crystals to living germs, from the diseases of plants to the plagues that beset animals and man, until he reached a general theory, but one established on real induction strictly applied and tested, of preventive medicine. In this triumph of reason controlling the issues of death, Pasteur's glory consists. What was the Ariadne-clue which he held and never would let slip? M. Renan, who could have shown it in clear light to the Academy, preferred to glide back with graceful but evasive rhetoric into the darkness of Littré, murmuring, "I know not if I am for matter or spirit." That no form of life which falls under observation can be superposed on the not-living symmetrically, Pasteur had demonstrated. There was an absolute difference in fact and everywhere between these two kingdoms. Previous research had gone far to confirm the axiom, "*Omnis cellula e cellula*," which, since the cell was named by Hook and down to the days of Schleiden and Schwann was mounting towards the supreme position it now takes in biology. But a mechanical doctrine lingered still among professors, who fancied that by some occult process of crystallization the cell could be manufactured from non-living elements; and so the exceedingly ancient dream of "spontaneous generation" survived under scientific patronage into the late Nineteenth Century. Such possible transformation, as the quarrel over first principles had now come to be waged, was caught up eagerly on the Lucretian front. And to this "higher alchemy" Pasteur gave the death-blow by his experiments. In the world with which we are acquainted, as he proved, the living germ is life's offspring; it can have no other source. All

Pasteur and Renan

reproduction is a cell-process. Given this universal truth, biology rises to the rank of a science, healing may largely cease to be an empiric art. The alleged identity of life and matter has never led to discovery in any department of action, while it would be fatal to ethics did the race of man believe in it. Pasteur's crucial demonstration had not escaped the keen glance of Renan, who fully comprehended the value of such a plain answer to the materialism then at its height. But he kept silence even from good words.

To begin, as Ruskin would say, by considering the "ethics of the dust" was a fine apprenticeship for Pasteur. His master Biot rejoiced; so did the many friends whom this ardent unselfish provincial had won in Paris; and his career became that of a State official, though hard worked and badly paid, ready to go wherever he was sent on biological or administrative errands. The French Government neglected science then, as the British Government delights to scorn it now. Pasteur's experiments were often carried out in a sort of coal-cellar; both himself and Renan were infamously lodged at the École Normale or the Collège de France, while the pleasure-seekers who thronged about Louis Napoleon were making the Empire their prey and urging it recklessly forward to the downfall of 1870. Napoleon certainly gave assistance now and again to Pasteur; the Empress talked with him at St. Cloud on his absorbing topics, and wondered why he did not make merchandise of such knowledge. He did something better still. This obscure man of science, by ascertaining that the insignificant cause of fermentation in liquids termed yeast was not the result of chemical action, but of vital descent, had opened the path of recovery from disaster to one after another of the great French industries—the wine trade, the silk trade, and agriculture, which last included cattle-breeding in all its forms. So long as confusion of ideas prevailed on the origin of epidemic and contagious diseases, no effective remedy was within reach; the vines perished, the silkworms died, horses, sheep, and cattle were swept away in thousands.

Pasteur and Renan

Now to relief of a national misfortune came the deliverer sent by Providence. Enthralled as in reading a romance, we follow Pasteur while he chases through Germany and Austria, bent on securing racemic acid. He had come upon the track of the germ-theory by an unsuspected way. Then he attacked yeast, announced that "fermentation is life without air," and revealed to pathology the plan of campaign which it must observe in order to subdue contagion, whatever its aspect. M. Sedillot created the now too popular name of "microbe" for those countless multitudes of incredibly small beings which cannot breathe oxygen, but play so strangely good and evil a part in our life and history. The conclusion of Pasteur's researches and their practical issue may be summed up in the language of Paul Bert, reporting to the French Government. He had found out that every infectious disease owes its origin to the development within the organism attacked of a special microbe, as in fermentation. And the culture of such a microbe may reduce its mischievous influence, under conditions which do not favour it, "so that from a virus it becomes a vaccine." In this amazing fashion, a true form of homœopathy, or healing of like by like, becomes the salvation of mankind and its allies when in danger from unseen but formidable parasitic foes.

A generation seems to have passed over the stage since I talked with my friend, St. George Mivart, of this radical revolution in medicine, and was shown by the successor of T. H. Huxley at South Kensington specimens of the "phagocytes," or white-blood corpuscles engaged in fighting our battle against invaders. But in France the recognition of Pasteur was already wide as the nation; and his admiring pupil, the Englishman Lister, had been taught how to deal successfully with surgical operations and hospital fevers by antiseptic treatment. These two names are inseparably united as among the greatest of benefactors to suffering humanity. Pasteur, indeed, won the right to conquer disease by his methods, in face of an opposition where men of science no less eminent than

Pasteur and Renan

Dumas and Claude Bernard took their stand by the Old Guard among the Faculty. Even the celebrated Prof. Koch, who gained renown by discovering the germ of tuberculosis, encouraged the German Sanitary Office in a most uncivil attack upon Pasteur, charging him with ignorance and incapacity. But where are these disputers now? "I am the most hesitating of men," said the heroic person whom they disparaged, "so long as a proof is not in my hands. But when solid scientific evidence confirms my conviction, no consideration will hinder me from defending what I hold to be true." Proofs became abundant enough, as time went on, to satisfy the most incredulous. He who had never seen a silkworm until he was called in to save the silk-industry devastated by a strange disease, *pébrine*, had found its cause and cure, thereby restoring one of the principal sources from which France derived her wealth. Millions of money were thus regained; but other miracles followed on the top of these; nor was Prof. Huxley going beyond probability when he declared that Pasteur's method of combating disease had created in a few years more than the five milliards which were paid to Germany after 1870.

For not only did he restore the silk-trade to its former flourishing state, he detected the true nature of phyloxera, thereby saving the grape-vines of France from its ravages. He overcame a world of deadly microbes which, in chicken-cholera, in charbon or splenic fever, had been doing enormous mischief among fowl, sheep, cattle, horses, and slaying their human attendants, season after season and time out of mind, without remedy, as if by the visitation of God. But Pasteur's ingenious experiments—the wedding, as it was happily said, of reason with fact—demonstrated that instead of charging Providence men should blame their own indolence and consequent ignorance for the evils now shown by this unwearied student of life in all its varieties to be conquerable. M. Vallery Radot has told us the story of these controversies, in which Pasteur was never once defeated, with French grace and vivacity. We are now so familiar with germs,

Pasteur and Renan

cultures, inoculation, and disinfection, that his critics may perhaps appear to us benighted or even jealous of so great a colleague who, though not a physician or surgeon, was renewing the art of healing in every department, while his curiously effective devices for excluding the entrance of living dust into protected areas had made an end of spontaneous generation. From that governing principle the whole *Instauratio Magna* proceeds of medicine, surgery, and hygiene. New forms of life, it had long been held in the Schools, could and did spring up from "putrescence and the sun," by what process none was able to interpret, not even the "Master of those that know." In view of the dreadful consequences we have to declare that this idol or illusion of the theatre, dear to philosophers, was a devouring Moloch. After the experiments devised by Pasteur had furnished, in the germless atmosphere of Mont Blanc, a key to experience, the Schools were now compelled to sponge out their old aphorism, and to write in its place that "the germs of low forms of life revealed by the microscope, and regarded as merely accidental concomitants of putrescence, were its essential cause." On this demonstrated fact all the innumerable deductions of which conquered maladies are the proof and instances depend. A more brilliant example of Bacon's "knowledge won by operation" was never given to the world. In the universe of life this principle may claim equal rank with Newton's laws of gravitation, for it is primary and fundamental. From these beginnings, I repeat with Sir William Osler, modern surgery took its rise.

From hypothesis to trial, verification, and practice, the original faint lines of research had now become a broad road, on which travellers daily multiplied. So long as experiment dealt with very low forms of being no questions emerged affecting moral issues. But when Pasteur attacked with infinite daring the plague of hydrophobia, his experiments roused violent opposition, above all in this country; and it would be disingenuous to keep such points of difference out of sight. I will make only a few

Pasteur and Renan

remarks on the subject, which is far more difficult as regards a general solution than we might be apt to suppose. The victory won by Pasteur, with its decisive proofs in the case of Joseph Meister and of J. B. Jupille, obtained national recognition when, in 1888, the Pasteur Institute for the study of contagious diseases and their cure was set up in Paris. We have nothing of the kind in Britain, for a reason which Sir William Osler calls "one of the most important lessons ever presented" in connection with such apparently baffling problems. How is this to be explained? He replies, "The simple muzzling order has prevented the transmission of the disease from dog to dog; and once exterminated in the dog, the possibility of the infection in man had gone." I leave my readers to reflect on the many ways in which Providence has left open deliverance from evil, if we will search for them. That Pasteur was a man of singularly delicate feelings, tender-hearted in all his treatment, especially towards children and those who suffered, cannot for an instant be called in question. If the world became to his view one vast hospital, as in a striking vision of *Paradise Lost* it appeared to Milton's heavenly messenger, we cannot wonder at his determination to take any method not demonstrably unlawful by which to relieve its anguish and terror. The Institute has long been, I suppose, what Osler termed it, "the most important single centre of research in the world."

Pasteur, whose life had been threatened by paralysis in October, 1868, survived until September 28th, 1895. His domestic felicity, from the hour of his marriage with Mlle Laurent of Strasbourg, on May 29th, 1849, had been perfect, except, indeed, when early death bereaved him of his three daughters. He worked without ceasing; travelled much on scientific errands in France, Central Europe, and Italy; was made Professor of Physics at Dijon, Dean of the new faculty at Lille, administrator of the École Normale, Knight of the Legion of Honour and Member of the Academy of Science. These were uncommon distinctions for a student whom examiners

Pasteur and Renan

had once declared from his papers to be "in chemistry mediocre." Without a diploma he attended the sessions of what we should term the College of Physicians; but, like Molière, he found them too frequently trifling pedants. His European fame grew fast; at the London Medical Congress of 1881, after the memorable scene near Melun of his triumph over the enemies of inoculation, he was greeted with royal applause; and in Edinburgh his reception at the third centenary of the University was even more significant. The French delegation had been loudly cheered, "but when Pasteur's name was pronounced, a great silence followed." Humanity, overcome by his unparalleled services, thus did homage to its benefactor. He could have no recognition equal to that silence.

And so, on St. Michael's Eve, 1895, Louis Pasteur rested from his labours, dying a simple Christian death. His works do follow him who will never be forgotten, since their fruits are, humanly speaking, immortal on this earth. He had suffered much during the War of 1870; it seemed to him, said Pasteur, when he was inaugurating his own Institute, that two contrary laws were now opposed each to each—the one of blood and death, arming nations to battle, sacrificing thousands to a single man's ambition; the other, a law of peace, labour, and health, seeking the relief of our kind from the calamities which assail it. "Which of these will prevail," he said, "God only knows. But science devoted to the service of humanity will ever aim at enlarging the bounds of life." It is a solemn, an inspiring text, which may fittingly recall to our minds the contrast between Pasteur and Renan brought out with equal but opposed convictions in their addresses at the French Academy, when the sceptic welcomed the believer in words of polished irony. Fatal irony, as I judge it to the best of my own belief, and with consequences already showing their true nature in a distracted world. If by science Pasteur was adding to life a rich domain, subduing to man's dominion his most formidable enemies, what was Renan doing with his un-

Pasteur and Renan

rivalled gift of speech, his exquisite art, and wealth of rare knowledge? After many years' reading in those pages, delectable as forbidden fruit in Paradise, I am compelled to look upon Renan as one among the "persuaders of death," yea, a captain of the band. It is a hard saying, but I will offer some of the reasons which constrain me to its utterance.

Speaking at large, all the human excellence which in Pasteur and Renan calls out our admiration was due by origin and training to the Catholic Church. Both were French in character as in pedigree, yet with differences which we may ascribe to the Celtic or Teuton stems respectively, whereon the flower of Parisian culture, scientific in the one example, literary in the other, had been grafted. Each was, however, emphatically himself, capable of assimilating experience on his own terms; this it is to be a man of genius. Renan's descent from a clan of seafarers gave him the feeling of romance, with a passion for sailing over distant waters which he never lost; while Pasteur puts us in mind of the earth-bound dwarfs and such-like legendary toilers, who bring up treasures out of darkness; neither sky nor sea is their dwelling-place. To the Celt, even more than to the child of Eastern France, religion came as by instinct; it was a first education; and it remained a lifelong memory to the student brought up by good priests at Tréguier and St. Sulpice. The Catholic faith, viewed as a moral discipline and a noviciate for life, comes out in both cases with undeniable success; it appears to mould the character as, in the language adopted by St. John Chrysostom, a sculptor carves his marble into the statue designed. By temper Renan was neither a devout mystic nor a sensualist; his calm disposition sought only a quiet life of study. And the admirable teachers given him by the Church, although far removed from his philosophic indifference, trained him to a self-respect which forms a contrast, even when he allowed himself certain regrettable liberties of talk or composition in old age, to the frivolity of those artists and men of letters among whom he seems always

Pasteur and Renan

an unfrocked cleric, escaped from the seminary. He did not think very much otherwise himself, and gently made a mock of it. "*Infelix ille homo*," says the Liturgy; but he had known absolute virtue in college and sanctuary to which his conscience bore willing testimony. What was it, then, that led him astray? One of his professors, M. Gottofrey, cried to him after a logical tournament with sudden insight, "You are no Christian!" The young man was thunderstruck; but his master had seen the truth.

Thus we come back to Pascal, with his account of religion, "*Dieu sensible au cœur*"—"God made present to the heart." Now this doctrine revealed to a man like Pasteur in his conscience, a Friend, a Master, and a Judge. It encouraged him in a divine adventure, where the risks were many, but help from Heaven was sure. God was working by wisdom in His own world and His ways were the ways of peace.

But to Renan, belief in a divine adventure, though taught him by saintly masters in his childhood, became at the crisis of his life impossible. Since then he had learnt from the philosophic Malebranche that all things in the universe happened by general laws, from which he inferred that there was no room for a personal God, or, at least, no sign of Him anywhere. The immediate conclusion was, as regarded himself, that no intellect essentially superior to his own anywhere existed. This conclusion, held in times past by various thinkers, has created in men of such a temper what is called "transcendent disdain." In other terms Renan came to hold that he belonged to the only order of aristocracy, the one senate of gods, which thinks for itself without regard to system, tradition, or custom. For my part I cannot imagine Renan as ever personally religious in any very deep sense. "Conscience" with him meant from first to last a demand for his own freedom. If that were guaranteed, his natural disposition led him not to hurt any man; and he would do his fellows a kindness if he had time for it. The sum total, therefore, is that to him

Pasteur and Renan

science without God was the only religion. This, it will be perceived, does not deny God, but implies that we do not know Him, and there was something in Renan's nature which led him to fear the touch of a divine hand. Yet his rare and unconquerable sense of politeness compelled him to be considerate of the divine claims.

His judgment of Feuerbach is curiously applicable to himself: "When he resolves to be an atheist he is one devoutly, and with a kind of unction." That sentence, which reminds us of Montaigne in its phrasing, might be printed as a running epigraph on every one of the forty volumes which amused, or fascinated, or scandalized, the innumerable readers of a romantic who protested against romanticism, and an idealist who strove in vain to be commonplace.

Of these things the sum is this: Renan, not having the religious temperament by nature, but only a training from those who had it, always cold in his prayers, and gradually seeking satisfaction for his mind in a sort of fairy tale of the world around him, fell back upon a very primitive form of his native Breton folk-lore in which there were many elves and other fantastic beings that peopled creation, mere animated illusions haunting the elements, but no supreme God might be come upon. In the year 1850 he wrote to his scientific friend, Berthelot, that they had now both relegated any vestiges of the faith among their memories. There was left, however, the romance of religion in history, to which every phase of it might furnish matter for the dreams of an artist, or the reflections of a philosopher.

Renan seemed to have a supreme deference for facts, but he was always subject to his own mood, he delighted in giving forth his volatile impressions, and found that these supplied him with a dramatic interest which, in a long life of study and writing, he never exhausted. In short, that which had been taught him as dogma became literature, and for such a one as he literature was always touched with a Celtic glow shining on the mists of uncertain history. By the time this mood had become to

Pasteur and Renan

him habitual he discovered the secret of a golden style which has fascinated the world, and applied its descriptive and dissolving power to the Central Figure of religion and humanity, Jesus Christ.

The work in which this daring act was accomplished must be considered an act of sacrilege done with a definite purpose. A new, an unheard-of assault upon God Himself by means of His divine Son had been attempted. As I have written elsewhere: "When the Romans besieged an enemy-city they called on its tutelary gods to leave it and follow them to the Roman Capitol. This unhappy fugitive from the Christian altar was busy with a like incantation. He had decided to make the Prophet of Nazareth an idealist who had set him the example—a free spirit in revolt against the Hierarchy. The cause of Jesus was to be severed from that of the Church and to be identified with revolution. Who should seize this flag was now the question. A merely human Jesus would be ruin to all possible creeds which rested on faith in God. That was undoubtedly the stake at issue. The supernatural would be vanquished if Jesus was left in His enemy's camp."

With smiling arrogance, Renan declared of himself that he was the one man in the Nineteenth Century who understood Francis of Assisi and Jesus of Nazareth. To those who test his knowledge by the recorded experiences of the Saints, it will become evident that he has substituted for the ascertained facts of history a dream—I will even say a day-dream—in which he is himself the hero, taking the parts of the Seraphic and the Son of God. It has been well remarked of his method that he drew portraits by looking in the glass. He stayed with his readers and in front of them, and the characters may be traced in his own story with its varying stages. Brittany is the key to Nazareth, and Paris shadows forth Jerusalem. A man of letters who had quarrelled with Renan, Edmond de Goncourt, called his book the Bible done into the style of Fénelon. The inspired Hebrew truth has thus been softened down into an idyll which is neither Eastern nor

Pasteur and Renan

Christian, but corresponds to the decadent mood of *Paul and Virginia*. It is sentimental, devout, and false.

I am far from denying that Renan has bent the knee to Jesus, but in so doing he has struck Him on the face with a reed. That astonishing epilogue which crowns the *Life of Jesus* cannot soon be forgotten; it will do both good and harm for many an age in store. "Thou," he exclaims, "art destined to become the corner-stone of humanity in such wise that to tear Thy name from this world would be to shake it to its foundations. Whatever be the unexpected events of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed. His worship will renew its youth unceasingly. His legend will call forth tears without end. His suffering will touch the best of hearts; all ages will proclaim that among the sons of men a greater was never born than Jesus." The incantation is now complete, and victory seems sure. The God subdued follows His captor to the new temple, where He will be worshipped as a man who never was a God.

Now, I am unable to perceive how the many strands which go to make up my criticism of Ernest Renan can be unloosened, or the web of judgment cut asunder. If this be truly so, Renan's application of the principles of Malebranche to life has taken from the Christian his divine Redeemer and from the race of men all knowledge of a Creator or a Judge. What is left of life must then fall into the shape which in logic, and of necessity, is taken by a system where man alone is motive-cause or spiritual power. There are no beings in the universe, so far as we know, thinking, loving, suffering for motives which go beyond the span of a mortal life. "An immense river of oblivion sweeps us onward into a gulf without a name. All here below is but symbol and dream. The gods pass away like men; it would not be well did they last for ever. The faith which we have held ought never to be a chain. We have done our duty by it when we have carefully wrapped it round in the purple shroud wherein the dead gods sleep." Thus did Ernest Renan judge of the past; but if the gods die, all that belonged to them

Pasteur and Renan

will likewise perish. The law of right and wrong will become an agreement or disagreement between peoples as to what is profitable. The claim of the feeble upon the strong will cease to exist or will be the fact that the strong can exploit them. Art has always been defined as the expression of ideals in symbolism adapted to our aspirations. It will now become an amusement which has no more significance than to pass away the hour. Law will be the rule of the strong hand, and whither has hope fled? We should understand once for all that if this world in which we live, moral and human, be an effect and not itself a cause, it cannot have substance or stay when its cause is held to be utterly unknown or cast beyond the reaches of our soul. The last word but one in human creeds, therefore, is dilettantism—"Let us eat and drink and rise up to play." The last of all is "Mori-mur!"—the play is played out.

When I had written the life of this fascinating and dangerous man in 1905 one of my critics asked me why the style of my book was so freezingly cold? Since I had no sympathy with the greatest master of French prose that has ever existed, why did I not let him alone? My answer, which may be found over and over again in his own writings, I will give at this stage very briefly: Like M. Renan, I am by many strands of descent Celtic and French. Moreover, I am a Catholic who has been trained in a seminary, and according to the lines of the system on which he was himself brought up at Issy and St. Sulpice. I can, therefore, enter into his mind with a completeness which is given, if at all, only by a miracle of divination to those who are neither Catholics, nor Seminarists, nor Celts, nor French. And now I have this to say: Should I come to Ernest Renan, the high master of style, lord of wisdom, bringing my treasures with me, and asking him to add the grace and splendour of his own qualities to the thought, the fancy, the devotion, the sincere life, the heroic effort which I desire to make my own—what will be my reward? M. Renan will speak to me graciously, caressingly, with transparent openness. I shall be

Pasteur and Renan

enchanted as great scholars have been, like Sir James Frazer, and the late head of English education ; and I shall receive from him a parting smile—almost an episcopal benediction. But when I have turned away to the life that should now be ennobled and made beautiful in choice and action, what has befallen the treasures I brought with me ? The Lord God Whom I worshipped is henceforth unknown and unknowable. Jesus Who redeemed me cannot redeem Himself. The art which was a prophecy of brotherhood made perfect and righteousness triumphant is become the idle singing of an empty day. I came full, I go away hungry ; I have lost all that makes life worth living. I am called upon for the sake of an elusive and death-dealing manner of speech, however beautiful, to sacrifice the precious things of time and eternity. Be it marked, as Renan himself admitted again and again, that the modern world is living on its Christian inheritance and its store is rapidly declining. If the men of this generation, he said, are thus impoverished, what will happen to the next ? His question justifies my answer.

I will describe this modern artist, teacher, and guide faithfully. I will give him credit for the kindness of his disposition, and the warnings he has addressed to his own people. There is nothing in his writings or his life of a humanly attractive nature of which I will deny the worth. But surely in this indictment of his philosophy and his aims, which is founded on the reading of more than forty years, I am entitled to number Ernest Renan among the chief persuaders of death. And now Pasteur, Christian and Catholic, stands before all coming generations as the Keeper of the Gate of Life. Ernest Renan, with all his gifts, remains the shadow of a great name and furnishes the disproof of the philosophy which he adorned with an incomparable style. Whatever delights us in him comes from the past with which he has broken. All the secret bitterness and despair he has added from his own stores. He is a magician who reverses the rod of power when illusion is at its height. That disenchantment he

Pasteur and Renan

terms philosophy, and the reversed rod is modern science. Pasteur made of it the art of healing, while Renan contemplates mankind losing real and ideal together, and perishing by virtue of the creed for which he exchanged the Catholic Faith.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE CENTENARY OF COVENTRY PATMORE

COVENTRY PATMORE was born on July 23rd, 1823, and died on November 26th, 1896. When 1996 comes round someone (we may assume) will take upon himself to discuss the extent of Patmore's influence on the world. The hundredth anniversary of his birth offers a pretext for an estimate of what he was in himself. An easy antithesis is often drawn between *The Angel in the House* and *The Unknown Eros*, and between the Patmore of the one and the Patmore of the other—the one poem is labelled “domestic” and the other “mystical”; and we surmise that the one poet was mildly amiable as well as Anglican, while we know that the other was angular as well as Catholic. But *The Angel in the House* is mystical throughout, and *The Unknown Eros* is domestic occasionally. Each poem has the same open secret; but the one poem is secretive and the other is open. And as for a primitive amiability subsequently departed from, to our great gain in his increase of picturesqueness, Patmore is angry, even violent, in *The Unknown Eros*, where in *The Angel* he had been severe. These easy divisions between two poems and two poets will not stand. Patmore wrote poetry before *The Angel in the House*; and after *The Unknown Eros* he wrote prose; and his work is one from beginning to end, as are root, rod, flower, and autumn leaves. Nevertheless, from considerations of space, I shall in this article observe the current symmetrical balance of *The Angel in the House* and *The Unknown Eros*, ignoring (almost entirely) the earlier long poem, *Tamerton Church-Tower*, and the three later volumes of critical and religious prose.

“You cannot read Patmore too often or too carefully,” said Ruskin, and as there is little reason to think that he comprehended, or would have sympathized with, Patmore's drift, we must suppose this dictum to mean that, in his own experience, every fresh reading had its fresh

Coventry Patmore

revelations; for it is the secret of Patmore to tell his secrets with so little emphasis that at first we do not perceive him to have said anything, nor is anyone likely to hear all that he says. Even his lovers have deprecated the "small story, and somewhat sentimental title." The title is not sentimental even in its previous use by Leigh Hunt; and when Patmore wrote the word "Angel" he did not use a term of endearment. Discovering the Unknown of the agnostics to be the Eros of his own later proclamation, he found in his house an Angel. "My God has sent His Angel," he said, in effect, with Daniel. Nor is the story smaller than—not the average, but—the normal human story. A poem which is to treat of marriage as a Sacrament may well select a happy marriage; and a poem which is to set forth the ideal of love must place it in ideal circumstances of leisure and culture; but as soon as this was done, Patmore—who "walked with open eyes," and knew as well as his most adverse critic that in this world grief, loss, loneliness, poverty, frivolity, and vulgarity are at least as frequent as innocent gaiety and good manners—began to redress the balance, and among the accessories, in this story of a true love whose course ran smooth, are a widower, "still forecasting heaven's content"; a rejected lover, whose unsmooth course is to be told in the sequel; gossips, spiteful or simply worldly; a love set directly upon heaven; a love set indirectly upon the world of fashion; masculine friendship, slighted, on both sides, only during the time of courtship; and the sorrows of the poor.

Patmore had no rose-coloured illusions concerning the world, whether rich or poor, and it is an actual house, "pitched in a world not right," to which his Angel comes, and social and political responsibilities which the Angel-guided pair are bound to undertake. But that first things must come first, and last things last—first the natural, afterwards the supernatural—and both inevitably, is an almost adequate compendium of Patmore's philosophy. And youthful love is the first thing. All Patmore planned to write was a series of variations on these

The Centenary of

themes: that human love is the precursor of and initiation into the love of God; that as such it is sacred, privileged, and for a time supreme; that its supremacy is transient; that a balance must be struck between our love for creatures and our love for the Creator; that in the end our individual concern is to establish a personal relationship with God; that the felicity resulting from a perfect will-union with Him is such that the utmost felicity of human union may well be used as a "weak but not diverse" symbol of it.

These ideas only reach their fullest development in his later poems, and in his prose essays and meditations; but they exist in *The Angel in the House* in such multitudinous hints as to make that almost proverbially derided book an inexhaustible intellectual mine, and yet are so studiously unemphasized as not to disturb the book's unity as a poem. We may imagine the poet approaching his reader with a proposition: Any and every love may serve as a preparation for, and an initiation into, the life of religion; and the reader, who is aware that mutual happiness in marriage is only possible when at least one of the parties practises unselfishness, agrees that in this way marriage puts a premium upon virtue, and so may be said to initiate into religion. But he often asks himself if the poet means something more even than this. The poem, "duly looked into," answers this question. Let us imagine two men in love with a woman, one of whom shall eventually marry her, and the other suffer disappointment, and marry elsewhere, other than ideally. That we may understand what perfect happiness is, what perfect sorrow is, and what perfect love is—let us suppose that these three people have attained to a fairly high degree of goodness. The intimate relation of love to religion would then appear in these things; that for a time this love is all-engrossing, and is Divinely permitted to be so; that it results in a transfiguration of the senses, exercising and yet spiritualizing them; that it develops in each sex the fullest manliness and the fullest womanliness; that, revealing to each in the peculiar virtues of the

Coventry Patmore

opposite sex a desirable but almost unattainable ideal, it deepens their apprehensions of the Divine nature ; that it provides the motives for work, for virtue, for gratitude ; for noble sorrow and salutary fear ; for the hope of immortality ; and that it teaches the eternal limitations of passion. And this last is the starting point of a new development. The most perfect love is not self-contained, but each partner has engagements elsewhere, to society and to God. And the soul's concern with God, if it appears to limit or disturb human happiness, is the element of promise in human unhappiness :

Faith shall be blest, we know not how,
And love fulfill'd, we know not where.

The subject of *The Angel in the House*, however (as apart from its continuation in *The Victories of Love*), is chiefly happiness and its sanctions ; and the poem develops two chief lines of thought : the adjustment of the apparently diverse claims of human and divine love, and the condemnation of all negation or imperfection of love as sin. This "domestic" poem threatens as often as it promises, and the Earthly Paradise no more exists here without its three concomitants than it does in Dante. But before proceeding with the exposition of the *religio poetæ*, it may be well to consider the poetry.

It should be easy to make the charges of monotony or triviality in the metre of *The Angel in the House* seem very negligible, and indeed false ; and, though the poet himself confessed to having become tired of writing in this metre, it was not chosen without motive ; nor did he in the first instance make any more radical change than from the alternately rhyming eight-syllable quatrain to the eight-syllable couplet. He claimed for his first choice that it was "the most rapid and high-spirited of all English metres ; a measure particularly recommended for erotic poetry, on account of its joyous air" ; and in his own practice it was eminently joyous and high-spirited : "A hymn bright-noted like a bird's." When

The Centenary of

literary people took to praising his later poetry at the expense of the earlier, he, knowing the essential unity of all his work, used satirically to propose re-writing *The Angel in the House* in the irregular metre of *The Unknown Eros*; and Mr. Basil Champneys, by a reference to the narrative poem of *Amelia*, which was so written, and which Patmore himself considered his highest achievement in art, argues that this would have been no impossible feat, or that at any rate, *The Angel in the House* might have been conceived in that metre. Yet there is an intimate relation between the soul and form of poetry, "for soul is form, and doth the body make," and it can never be reincarnated: the poem's immortality is the perennial resurrection of its body. And, in general, Patmore's critics do not desire any change in the interspersed lyrics and epigrams, but only in the narrative portions; and, even at this point, one can pick a loophole in Mr. Champneys' argument. It is the "better portions of the narrative in the *Angel*" which he desires us to compare with *Amelia* in order to see "with what far superior freedom and force it might have been told in the later form of verse"; but we must claim for Patmore that, besides his incomparable achievements in vision and insight, he is no mean rival of our writers of *vers de société* in their own field. Patmore's stanzas are always exquisitely compact, but they are astonishingly so when they have to contain the quick give-and-take of conversation. There is no need to shirk the admission that the sporadic disrepute from which the poem still suffers, arises from a dislike, either anti-social or irreflective, of its subject, the *deliciae sapientiae de amore conjugali*. The sympathetic or merely judicial reader will easily perceive the poem's literary merits—its felicities and curiosities of diction—when once he has been persuaded to look for them. *The Angel in the House* is not artless; and neither is it sentimental. This hymn in praise of woman, of love, of marriage, gaily gives the lie to those fond falsehoods of elective affinities, of broken hearts, of flawless bliss. Of the lover and his beloved Patmore says, cruelly,

Coventry Patmore

He called her lovelier
Than any else, only because
She only then before him was ;

and again,

A youth pursues
A maid whom chance, not he, did choose . . .
They match as well as others do ;

while the prelude entitled "Rachel," and the whole of *The Victories of Love*, show that Patmore was quite aware that a marriage of mutual first and greatest loves is the exception, and that it is rather to the growth of love after marriage, in both ordinary and exceptional marriages, that we must look.

Most certainly it was Patmore's intention not to emphasize his deeper meaning, and we cannot but think that, in the interest of his secret, his rapid and easy metre was well chosen. That metre, which so easily covers such pregnant sayings as these: "Love, sole mortal thing of worth immortal," and "In Godhead rise, thither flow back, all loves," just as little tempts anyone to pause upon this tremendous saying :

Female and male God made the man,
His image is the whole, not half,
And in our love we dimly scan
The love which is between Himself.

In the prose-writings these same things are said arrestingly.

So far I have proved Patmore's intellect ; I have still to prove his poetry, if we may understand by that word the immediate response of the soul and the senses to beauty and to joy and sorrow. Of such poetry there are some half-dozen passages of length in *The Angel in the House* and innumerable glimpses in passing. Patmore's response to visual beauty seems, curiously, almost always to have been to the beauty of light, and even a pagan world might choose to hold this Christian poet in remembrance for his exquisite sensitiveness to this thing. Of his lady's loveliness he notes that it "rather lay in light than colour"; her face "shows the sunshine lovelier than the rose";

The Centenary of

her eyelids "softly lodge the light." When her lover comes to her in the unrest of undeclared passion,

As the moon
On Ætna smiles, she smiled on me ;
But now and then in cheek and eyes
I saw or fancied such a glow
As when, in summer evening skies,
Some say, "It lightens" ; some say, "No."

Parting in the late evening,

Eastward grew
In heaven the symbol of my mood
Where one bright star engross'd the blue.

As she interprets light, and light interprets her, so does she control it. Parting at night, "the air thick with star-light," she passes,

And night was a surprise
As when the sun at Quito dips.

In her piano-playing, the notes

Flash'd, surprising and serene,
As meteor after meteor floats
The soft autumnal stars between.

And as sound is light, so is light sound :

Last night
My dreams were wild : I often woke,
The summer-lightning was so bright ;
And when it flash'd, I thought you spoke.

When, having parted at night, an afterthought takes the lover back to the house, "a light gleam'd as I pass'd the stair" and there is "a *flash* of dress." So is everything seen as light, even the vision of good, which if it were only lasting, rather than transient, would destroy all evil :

What's that which, ere I spake, was gone ?
So joyful and intense a spark
That whilst o'erhead the wonder shone,
The day, before but dull, grew dark.

The passages quoted from *The Angel* prove the eight-syllable quatrain capable of all beauty. It, as even the

Coventry Patmore

slighter stanza of *Tamerton Church-Tower*, is capable of all terror. In that poem a wife is drowned in her husband's sight :

What guilt was hers ? But God is great,
And all that may be known
To each of any other's fate
Is, that it helps his own.

Could stark resignation go further ? And the awful interior solitude is only reinforced by an exterior solitude, realized with terrible grotesqueness :

Never when the tide drew back
Trode I the weltering strand,
For horribly my single track
Pursued me in the sand.

In *The Angel in the House* and *The Victories of Love* is yet again rehearsed, imaginatively, the losing of a wife, with its train of sorrows : the still-imperative daily duties, the "noisy children at their play," the remorseful memory of unseized opportunities of kindness, the intolerable recollection of acts of impatience, the suddenly realized indebtedness :

The good of common intercourse
For daintier pleasures then despised,
Now with what passionate remorse,
What poignancy of hunger prized !

And on these notes of terror, of loss, of grief, we may return to that moral severity which co-exists with the "comfortable earthliness" of *The Angel in the House*. The other line of thought, as before noted, is a mystical co-ordination of Heaven and earth, and this is its necessary safeguard, the terror of Hell ; and its dread alternative. Patmore was a Catholic of the school of Dante long before he formally submitted to the Church, and the three-fold division of the spiritual world pervades all his writing. His analysis of "Love's three-stranded ray" :

Red wrath, compassion golden, lazuline delight,
very aptly characterizes the three parts of Dante's poem.

The Centenary of

The conception of Love's anger is persistent throughout Patmore. It is under "the gold blazonries of Love irate" that the Church militant goes forward; it is "Love irate" that works in Purgatory, and Love's "indignation when disturbed" is heard continually in *The Angel in the House*; heard as grave or harsh warning, as condemnation sad or mocking, in Dantean variation.

Not often is Patmore compassionate; he thought this virtue greatly in need of safeguards; but in one direction he is more goldenly compassionate than was ever Walt Whitman (who knew nothing of "the height which makes her casting-down so great") or than was even Tolstoy. Of the poor harlot he says,

Her first crime was unguarded love
And all the rest was mere despair.*

The whole of the doctrine of sin, repentance, penance, forgiveness, is in the passage from which these lines are taken. It was written by one who had for ten years accepted the Christian scheme of things, and whose acceptance only became more intelligent and self-conscious with each of his remaining forty years of life. A letter of 1847 says, in effect, that a sense of the justice of his doom would serve to console his own soul in Hell; and not Hell but the possibility of annihilation after a futile life, is accepted in much the same words, in *The Victories of Love*:

Justice, which the spirit contents,
Shall still in me all vain laments.

The Angel in the House has been already quoted as affirming the doctrine of Hell; later, in the Odes, Patmore ("confirmed by divine Doctors and Saints") asserts that, even in Hell, the Mercy of God is active; and, again in the Odes, more gladly he affirms the joy of Purgatory. He is at one with Dante in all things, not excluding (to quote his own words on Dante) that "vigorous joy at beholding thoroughly bad people get their deserts"; and more acceptably including "the grave pleasure which

¹So in the first edition. Patmore weakened the last three words to "perhaps despair."

Coventry Patmore

is often felt by the saner sort of persons, even in this world, under the sufferings they acknowledge to be the appropriate punishment of and purification from the sins they have fallen into"; their sufferings, and the poets' art, culminating in "the joy expressed with such piercing sweetness in the *Paradiso*."

Poetry and mysticism are latent rather than obvious in *The Angel*; they are gloriously patent in *The Unknown Eros*, but there is no element in the later poem which may not be found in the earlier, nor any element in the earlier which does not at least re-appear in the later. Despairing patriotism, satire, badinage, an unashamed religiosity, are common to both poems in persistent or varying proportions.

"First the natural, afterwards the supernatural": this is the theme and scope of both poems, and while, broadly speaking, the formula marks also the distinction between them, yet, in *The Unknown Eros* itself, the whole proposition is repeated, and again falls into its component thesis and antithesis in the two "Books" into which the Odes, in the later editions, are grouped. The domestic and the political odes of the first Book are a man's "natural" life: his desires, his aspirations, at work in the world of phenomena; the last five odes are *psalmi penitenciales*, and mark the longing of the soul for a world beyond the things of sense. The last ode speaks of the sudden influx of the Peace of God. The second Book is concerned entirely with the fruition of the mutual desire of God and the soul ("Not by-and-by, but now, unless deny Him thou"); entirely, save for interruptions which are to declare the safeguards of the doctrine. These correspond in tone with the bitter anti-Liberal political odes of the first Book, but as safeguards of mystical theology they are self-conscious and advised.

Be my dull days
Music, at least, with thy remember'd praise!
Bitter, sweet, few and veil'd let be
Your songs of me.
Preserving bitter, very sweet,
Few, that so all may be discreet,
And veil'd, that, seeing, none may see.

The Centenary of

Therefore, as soon as Patmore has spoken of the soul as the betrothed of an unknown Eros, and of the grace of virginity, he breaks off to speak of the Church as the one only Tree of Life, and to sing her battle-song. And the resumed strain is soon again interrupted with the bitter reflection: "Who can sing the songs of Sion by the waters of Babylon?" To the end, the recoverable Paradise of which he sings is fenced with flaming swords—even against the poet himself, and he is resigned to have it so.

Who shall bewail the crags and bitter foam
And angry sword-blades flashing left and right
Which guard your glittering height,
That none thereby may come!
The vision which we have
Revere we so,
That yet we crave to foot those fields of ne'er-profaned
snow?

This is but to apply the master-principle once more: the spiritual is postponed to the natural, and the true riches committed only to those who have faithfully administered the unrighteous mammon.

It is still this principle that dictates Patmore's theory of the Poetic Imagination. He held that the chief use of natural science was to supply poets with their similes and parables; and the poet, he says, "is not more singular for the delicacy of his spiritual insight . . . than for the surprising range and alertness of vision, whereby he detects in external nature those likenesses and echoes by which spiritual realities can alone be rendered credible and more or less apparent, or subject to real apprehension, in persons of inferior receptive powers." Poets are seldom to be better described than in their own words, and the foregoing quotation is not only a description, but a definition, a delimitation, of Patmore's scope. He is a poet of spiritual realities, and he is a poet of the external aspects of Nature ("out of obvious ways ne'er wandering far"), and singular and surprising in both capacities, but he is not a poet of the interaction of men with men, and

Coventry Patmore

of the conflict of their personalities. His book is not "Men and Women," but Man and Woman. On his own parallel lines of advance, he went as far as it has been given to any poet to go: "intimately into time and space, remotely into the heart of hearts," as Mrs. Meynell finely said of him. His nature-touches are almost all similes, his loveliest transcripts from Nature almost all parables. For these latter I must refer my readers to the odes called "Saint Valentine's Day," "Wind and Wave," and "Winter," contenting myself here with these briefer similes. This is Psyche's awakening to the consciousness of new worlds of reality:

What dim, waste tracts of life shine sudden, like moonbeams
On windless ocean shaken by sweet dreams?

And this, her farewell to Eros:

Thou leav'st me now, like to the moon at dawn,
A little vacuous world alone in air.

This, yet again, is Psyche's inadequacy to her great moment:

O, I should feel thee nearer to my heart
If thou and I
Shone each to each respondently apart,
Like stars which one the other trembling spy,
Distinct and lucid in extremes of air.

And here, finally, is Eros to Psyche:

Sleep, Centre to the tempest of my love,
And dream thereof,
And keep the smile which sleeps within thy face
Like sunny eve in some forgotten place.

Each of these similes illustrates what has been already noted of Patmore's predilection for the beauty of light. The reader may be grateful for the hint to explore his poetry as the battle-ground of the adverse powers of light and darkness in no merely figurative and in no merely literal sense.

I have not left myself room to speak of Coventry Patmore as the master of a cruel pathos, and there is the less need, since the odes called "Departure," "The Azalea,"

The Centenary of

"If I were dead," and others, are now so well-known. Nor may I say more now of his endlessly provocative, endlessly suggestive, endlessly analogized interpretations of dogma. It would be the most delightful of Psychean tasks to illustrate one part of his writings by another, and the whole by his life; suffice it to say now that it could be done.

I will not, on this centenary occasion, close without an attempt to calculate the chances of his future popularity. His acceptance will be, only too probably, of the very smallest, though larger and more perceptive than it has been. His poetry—always restrained in form, without oddity or extravagance, yet finely individual when looking most conventional; recondite while "pretending with so much of the accent of sincerity" to be simple; and then most Christian when most seeming Pagan—is certain to repel or to illude more than it will convince. But ever and anon a reader will recognize that this mystic had the seeing eye as much as any other poet has had it; that for him, as for the hedonist, the external world existed, though for him it did not exist alone. His elect—for he calls his own sheep by name, and leads them out—will have from time to time to remind themselves, by a re-reading, that *The Angel in the House* is a light and bright comedy, and that, as a poem, it has some vulnerable points; it will dwell in their memories rather as a meditation on "man as by freedom of will meriting and demeriting, he is subject to Justice rewarding or punishing" (as Dante defined the subject of his "*Divina Commedia*"); and a meditation on man as moving not so much among his fellows, or with his mate, as alone in woods, or under the stars, or at dawn, or beneath a sky of altering clouds. But few will have the patience or the wish to discover this. The æsthetes will, in the future as now, praise the greater poem, *The Unknown Eros*, at the expense of the lesser, and, then as now, will consciously reject as much as they can understand of its doctrine. Still further to prevent Patmore's general acceptance, the large measure of indifference now meted out to him may be changed, if ever

Coventry Patmore

his work comes to be widely discussed, for an almost equally large measure of active dislike and fierce contempt. His poetry—dedicated, even when not obviously so, to the service of religion—will be spoken of as overwhelmed by the fallen walls of Christian eschatology. And those who, thinking of Christianity as overthrown, associate his work with it in a common fate, will, to that extent, have understood him, and he would have desired their hatred and contempt. Upon the rock of the Church he built his poetry, in faith that the gates of Hell should not prevail against it.

To say this, is to define the length of his fame, the depth and height of his scope. Its breadth is a lesser matter. He trod a narrow path, as do all who have their eyes set on a far-off goal.

FREDERICK PAGE.

CHURCH AND SCHOOL IN AUSTRALIA

THE holding of an Imperial Conference on Education in London provides an opportunity of surveying certain aspects of education in Australia—where (in the Colony of Victoria) compulsory education was introduced in 1872 for the first time in the history of the Empire. In the half-century that has since passed, the outlines of educational development have not been altered, nor have the ideals changed radically. But there is one fact that is overlooked, and yet which is profoundly important: the Catholic Church has refused to accept the educational system as set up by the State Governments, and has built up a concurrent system. There has accordingly arisen an "Education question," concerning which it is the aim of the present article to deal.

The story is best told historically, because without the facts being kept in mind the "question" can be viewed in a very wrong way, and, in fact, its existence ignored. Though there is no established Church in Australia, it was at first thought that Anglicanism had certain rights of pre-eminence, and for a time financial aid was given to schools conducted under the auspices of the Church of England. Later, such aid was extended to all denominational schools, and later still the Government began to provide schools conducted under its own auspices. In those times—up to the sixties of last century—there is no doubt that the educational standards were low, and that the total provision made for education was small. For that, however, there was ample cause in the fact that in every part Australia was essentially an unsettled country. No community, except Sydney and a few surrounding places, was over a quarter-century old; there had not been time for the provision of the amenities of civilization; nor in the countries of Europe were things in a much better state. Furthermore, the population was scattered sparsely over huge areas, or consisted of gold-

Church and School in Australia

mining camps, where population for the most part consisted of people who were ignorant of what education meant.

As we are about to turn from the time of privately-directed education to education under the direction of the State, it must be mentioned that the continent of Australia has become divided into six sections, formerly called Colonies, and now called States, constituting the Commonwealth of Australia. The latter entity has nothing to do with education, the control of which is in the hands of the States. There are minor distinctions in the State systems, but in the main the story which follows is applicable to all of them. To understand the facts also it should be known that Catholics are approximately one-fifth of the total population of each State.

Let us take Victoria: the politicians of Victoria, which was the most flourishing of the Colonies, were critical of the working of the Common Schools Act, which gave aid to all denominational schools, whether they were well maintained or ill. There was also a certain amount of antipathy to the support of religion, directed mainly, of course, against the Catholic Church. Thus the proposer of the Victorian Education Act said publicly, alluding to his Bill, then before Parliament: "We have this day driven a wedge into the Catholic body in this State. That wedge will be driven home, and it will rend the Catholics asunder." The result of agitation was that in Victoria primary education was made "free, secular, and compulsory." A great deal was comprehended in this step. For if a State made the education of children compulsory, it bound itself to provide school buildings and teachers where that education would be given. In a democratic country it was realized also that if education were made compulsory it must be given free of charge to the parents of the scholars who should attend such schools; and the cost must be borne by the community, out of the general funds of the States as drawn from taxes. Accordingly a State school system was established. As to the curriculum, it

Church and School in Australia

was held, with a fine show of logic, that a State, as such, could teach only secular subjects in schools in which attendance was made compulsory, and where pupils might have any, or no, religious convictions. It was allowed, however, that clergymen of any religious denomination could give instruction in the school buildings to any children whose parents might desire it, but *outside of the recognized school hours*. That system of "free, compulsory, and secular education" was established in every State, and its present working will be described later.

But it must be said that this Act was denounced by Catholics from the beginning, unless it would provide for the incorporation of Catholic schools in any scheme of national education. The Catholic body, led naturally by its clergy and its hierarchy, saw in such a measure the working of those secular forces which were so hostile to the Church in Europe, and they realized that the provision of secular education by itself would never allow the formation of religious instincts. They realized further—with an amount of wisdom that, in the light of experience, cannot be gainsaid—that religious education outside school hours super-imposed upon a secular training, cannot truly inculcate religion. So far as they could, they resisted the measure as regards Catholic schools. They pledged themselves to provide separate schools for Catholic children, and, in setting them up, nuns and religious brothers of several orders were brought out from Ireland. In these schools education was given free if necessary, but it was customary for a weekly collection to be made, to which contribution was voluntary. In addition to this, parochial collections were made for their maintenance. The State authorities accepted this cleavage in so far as they accepted attendance at a Catholic school as complying with the compulsory provisions of the Act. They accepted the secular teaching given in Catholic schools as sufficiently complying with the requirements rendered necessary by the Act. But upon the financial point they had no

Church and School in Australia

qualms in refusing to grant any State support to such schools, though these helped in the carrying out of the compulsory Act. The Catholics claimed that their schools complied with the Act—in giving secular education to the children of taxpayers; and that a recognition of the fact should be made. But the State authorities, representing, of course, only a majority of the people, and disregarding any question of the rights that a minority might have, utterly refused to make any payment to education controlled by an ecclesiastical body. The Catholics were the only denomination which stood out for religious education. The Anglicans handed over the schools that had already been established, and neither they nor any other denomination appear to have contemplated the erection, or maintenance, of schools in the way that the Catholics did. Bishop Moorhouse went to Melbourne in 1876 as its Anglican bishop, and he denounced the Bill strongly as a “most desolating piece of legislation”; but it was a *fait accompli*, and his body did not feel ready to imitate the self-sacrifice of the Catholics.

In the secularist contention there is just a grain of consistency which makes it sound plausible on cursory consideration: Education had been on a denominational basis, and it was in every way unsatisfactory. When the State superseded that system, it could not be expected to support a rival system, or to concern itself with those who chose not to avail themselves of its provisions. These stock arguments have now passed into general intellectual currency, and no laying of the fallacies they contain has succeeded in securing any amelioration towards the Catholic body of the unjust provisions of the Act.

In the first place Catholics insist that the education of children is a duty laid upon parents, which the State may compel them to fulfil, but cannot take out of their hands. Parents may delegate part of their duties to teachers authorized by the Church, but they cannot do so to merely secular authorities. Furthermore, this being an obligation of conscience, the State cannot, without violating fundamental principles of freedom of conscience,

Church and School in Australia

lay an impost upon any body of the community which declares itself to hold views of conscience which are in no way detrimental to the public peace and welfare. But Catholics are penalized, because the State does not provide schools where their conscientious beliefs are satisfied. Other denominations are satisfied, but Catholics are not satisfied ; they claim that the State, in making education compulsory, ought to provide schools satisfactory to the consciences of any large body of the people, or ought to subsidize the schools which are set up by that body, and which satisfy their own requirements as regards secular studies. They deny that this represents the payment of a subsidy to a religion ; it is only rendering payment for something that the State has made compulsory.

The position may best be understood monetarily : Catholics pay their share of the taxes which support schools from which their children are excluded, from reasons of conscience. That is unjust. But a further injustice arises when Catholics, since their children are compelled to attend school, build schools for their own children, supply teachers, and maintain them generally. This is really a species of religious persecution, because the fact is undoubted. Catholics, *because they are Catholics*, pay twice over for such education. To such a position it is no answer to say that the State will build schools for them (of its own pattern) if they choose to attend : it is like offering a Jew a plentiful meal of pork, when he has contributed—and has, moreover, been forced to contribute—to a fund for providing a banquet.

In the meantime the State school system has been consolidated, and the various Departments of Education show an excellence of organization and of practicality that is not often reached by such bureaucratic bodies. The secular curriculum is, so far as can be, kept well abreast of the times, the teachers are given intensive training in several branches of pedagogy, and for the most part profess and practise admirable ideals of altruism. Since the founding of the system, high schools and technical colleges have been set up, to which there are

Church and School in Australia

many bursaries available to the scholars of State schools. From these, too, Catholics are excluded for reasons of conscience, though they provide part of the funds by which they are maintained. Further, let us mention that the Government has several services auxiliary to Education—such as dental attention and the provision of travelling facilities in the country where the pupils would otherwise be living too far from the schools to make their attendance at all an easy matter.

This growth of the State school system has necessitated a similar growth on the part of the system set up by the Catholics. With exceptions in a few poor country districts there are primary schools attached to every Catholic parish, and in the whole of Australia they now number 915; the total number of pupils in Catholic schools amounting to 164,500. These are supported out of parish funds, and naturally form a heavy financial burden upon the Catholic body. Beyond them there are high schools (or colleges) as well as boarding schools for both boys and girls, the total coming to 414. For the most part these are taught by members of religious orders, numbering, roughly, 8,000 (7,025 nuns and 715 brothers). These devote their lives to the cause of Catholic education, and as they eschew married life the sum spent upon their maintenance is smaller than would be necessary if the schools were conducted by secular teachers. These colleges and convents exist as an ordinary concomitant of the Church's vigour, but their need has been proved since the State has begun to provide secondary education, and now, when it is attempting to raise the school-leaving age from 14 years. It may here be mentioned that the non-Catholic denominations provide for secondary education to a limited extent; but their position does not affect the Catholic claims, which have mainly to do with the primary education rendered compulsory by the State.

The Catholic protest as formulated when the Acts came into force having been disregarded, the position has had to be freshly considered from time to time. The

Church and School in Australia

questions involved have not been easy, but the Church's attitude all through has been one which argues not only prudence on the part of its clerical leaders, but also loyalty, sympathy, and sacrifice on the part of the laity.

One of the big struggles, which has not succeeded in every State, has been the prevention of the Protestantizing of the State schools by allowing a scheme of "unsectarian Bible lessons" to be incorporated in the curriculum. It is submitted that such could not be framed with proper respect for the Bible, nor could the children receive any worthy instruction when their teachers might or might not believe, and might, in different cases, give them varying interpretations. Again, looking at the position monetarily, this could be regarded as State endowment of a form of religion—"undenominationalism"—which was not Catholic, and Catholics very properly objected to their money being spent upon this. Protestants called this a "dog in the manger" policy, with a bland disregard of the selfishness or otherwise of their own attitude in permitting the active penalization of the schools maintained by the Catholics. The retort to them was clear enough: if they wanted schools where religion should be taught, let them establish them, as the Catholics had done. But that course would have involved a sacrifice greater than any of the Protestant denominations felt themselves able to bear, even if they were then to join with Catholics in attempting to secure a proportion of the educational vote from the Treasury which they were saving the State.

Catholics have been extraordinarily patient in submitting to this position. But they realized, with rare wisdom, that the efficient preparing of their children for the Kingdom of Heaven and for their positions in life came before all considerations of tactics in attempting to rectify an injustice. Thousands and thousands of pounds were spent in erecting schools, which were staffed by Christian Brothers, Marist Brothers, De La Salle Brothers and Patrician Brothers, and by Nuns of several Orders. Many of these (of both sexes) were volunteers from

Church and School in Australia

Ireland, but special mention should be made of Australian Nuns of the Order of St. Joseph, whose labours, sacrifices and successes appeal strongly to Australians.

A fresh point comes to the front in the branching-out of the State Departments of Education. With a purse comparatively unlimited they extended in all directions, and their regulations accordingly became patterns to be copied. They succeeded in making compulsory the registration of all schools and of all teachers, and, generally, of standardizing conditions. The Catholics were entitled to protest against any invasion of their schools in any respect, but they generously accepted all these conditions of registration, and voluntarily lay themselves open to visits from State inspectors, who see that the State regulations are obeyed. It was hoped, at the time, that the non-Catholics of each State would thus realize that Catholic schools were performing the very same work in the matter of educating the youth of the State as were the State schools. If that were realized, so it was hoped, unprejudiced opinion would see that it was simply just that both should receive money from the State Treasury. The hope was vain. The next step was the inauguration of the Australian Catholic Federation in 1912. This was a body consisting wholly of the laity, who made a fresh study of the educational position, and determined to bring the justice of Catholic claims more prominently before the people. At present this exists only in four States, but its work in any one of these indicates the development of the whole question. It was determined to enrol the laity in a big organization, whose executive could take action in the name of all its members, and which could advise its members upon individual points as they arose. In the struggle for justice, hope must never be abandoned ; and it is too early to say, in a tone of judgment, that the Federation has failed to achieve its object. It did decide to advise Catholics to vote for any candidate at parliamentary elections who should be favourable to the Catholic educational claims, and, as a fact, more Labour candidates were supported than Con-

Church and School in Australia

servatives. This policy drew down upon it an uncharitable publicity and ill-informed attack. The Labour Party even expelled a few people who had dared to vote on religious rather than political grounds. A further organization, called the Catholic Workers' Association, was then formed to disseminate the true facts of the Catholic position inside the Labour Party, since that party might at some time give a favourable ear to Catholic claims, whereas the opposing parties, in which Protestantism was strong, could never be expected to do so. Labour, however, felt that it might be weakened in popular estimation by seeming to have an alliance with the Catholics, and in Victoria their leader made the declaration, "Hands off the Education Act!" As a rallying cry it succeeded, but it invites the comment that no democratic party can afford to accept the legislation of the past without question, and it is nothing but a weak policy to treat as sacred an Act which was framed to injure the Catholics, and which is claimed to offend the religious susceptibilities of such a large section of the people.

In other ways the Australian Catholic Federation has been quite successful. It has secured a certain recognition by the State authorities of the Catholic schools. Thus, Sloyd-work is taught at State schools as an extra subject; and it is arranged that the benefit of the classes is secured to certain Catholic scholars. It has secured, too, that a limited number of bursaries and scholarships shall be given to scholars attending "private" schools, and shall be available at certain approved non-departmental high schools or colleges. Practically all "private" schools are Catholic schools, but it does not suit the State Departments to recognize the Catholic schools as making up a unitary system.

Another minor benefit was obtained in New South Wales while a Labour Government was in power: the Government had been providing cabs of some description for carrying children to and from (State) schools in country districts where several of them might otherwise

Church and School in Australia

be unable to attend ; the benefit given was that, in cases where there was room in the vehicle so travelling, children attending Catholic schools might also be carried. This small concession was withdrawn last year by the Conservative Government when they got into power, with the result that a half-empty vehicle may drive past Catholic children trudging along to school. This action was petty, but to my mind it constitutes a perfect example of bigotry and anti-Catholic discrimination which I feel justified in calling bloodless persecution. One other important development took place last year, in that, under a system of proportional representation, one member was returned to the New South Wales Parliament, pledged to uphold the principles on which Catholic education rests. It is possible that this individual may be the forerunner of others, who will be able to exercise definite political influence with a view to gaining an amelioration of the burden that is imposed upon the Catholic body. Opposed to such a body, of course, would be the politicians of the "Orange" persuasion, who even now do not hesitate to say that Catholic schools ought to be forcibly closed, and the children made to attend the State schools. This is Cromwell's type of "freedom" with a vengeance: he, it will be remembered, did not object to Irishmen being Catholics, provided they did not go to Mass!

As may be realized, there are more than merely educational problems involved in this question; and it may justly be asked, what influence on national affairs has this cleavage in the matter of education led to? In the first place, there has been no cleavage in the matter of national aspirations. The children from the State schools and the children from the Catholic schools have stood as men and women, side by side, for the formation and maintenance of Australian ideals; the fellowship of the members of the Australian Expeditionary Forces showed that there were no limits to their unity when matters of wider import were at stake. There is, however, this to say: that the bulk of Catholics are Labour in politics, and few are Conservative. To a large extent this is due to the

Church and School in Australia

fact that the Catholic body as a whole, and the school teachers as well, are mainly Irish (there is no truer democrat than the emigrant Irishman) or of restricted means, or both. Further, the Catholic schools are far less imperialistic in tone than the State schools, where, indeed, an imperialistic patriotism is preached as if it were a religion of itself. This is a surface-ripple on national life of some magnitude, because it has engendered a good deal of bitterness, but there is some hope that it will grow less in time, as the feud between England and Ireland decreases in intensity. As far as the Catholics are concerned, the erection of their splendid educational system has been a wonderful bond of solidarity, and of those virtues of unselfishness and independence that come from adversity. The sacrifices have not been easy, but they have not been in vain. The Catholic Church in Australia, flourishing as it is in all spiritual and charitable respects, is itself the monument of the schools erected and maintained in difficult circumstances.

We may admit the educational efficiency of the State schools so far as secular knowledge goes, but there is room to question the beneficence of their influence on national life. By their latter-day secular basis they are of necessity cut off from the classical and mediæval traditions; and it is just to say that where they are not ill-informed they are insular, because England to them is incomparably more than the other European tradition. In this respect the Catholic schools provide a surer ground-work and basis of whatever knowledge is imparted, so that scholars who pursue their studies beyond the schoolroom can understand the past—a thing which is, and must be, impossible to those who graduate in the State schools.

One further point, of many, may be noted. Through its school-system, the Catholic Church has remained flourishing; it has no difficulty in filling its many churches with devout worshippers, and its internal religious life may well be envied by many countries where the Church has been established longer. The only problem facing Catholics is the enlargement of the churches, and the

Church and School in Australia

building of new ones, to accommodate the regular congregations. But the non-Catholic denominations are in no such happy position: their power is dwindling. Archbishop Roger Bede Vaughan, the Benedictine who preceded Cardinal Moran as Archbishop of Sydney, warned them of this in the wise words: "Close your schools in this generation and you will have no need for churches in the next." The Protestants find that their congregations are small, and that a virile religious spirit is non-existent, while secular education as such is turning out, year by year, thousands of people whose knowledge of religion is scanty, and whose scorn of religion is as deep-seated as is their ignorance.

Finally, it is impossible to assert, in facts and figures, the decadence or immorality of any specific community—and, still more so, to separate sections of a community in discussing the same. But it is possible to hold the opinion that education under religious influences possesses elements which will implant restraints, the absence of which (as in secular education) do not work for social or moral good. Archbishop Vaughan said again that the secular schools would be "seed-plots of future immorality." The acceleration of work in the Divorce Courts is one indication of the truth of his prophecy, and so are the venereal disease wards of the hospitals. More generally the position is covered by a recent report to the assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Victoria:

There can be no doubt that among children attending school criminal acts, or acts indicating criminal tendencies and dispositions, are of far more frequent occurrence than is generally realized. Theft, untruthfulness, truancy, coarseness, and even immoral conduct, are offences which are surprisingly common. . . . It is no exaggeration to say that a definite percentage of our school children under our present system will inevitably enter upon a career of crime or immorality, others will join the ranks of loafers and incapables.

On the other hand, Catholics are well satisfied as to the moral tone of their schools, and the multiplication of

Church and School in Australia

the ranks of their clergy and of their ecclesiastical and charitable buildings is evidence of health.

Linking up the whole subject with the fact first quoted—the Imperial Conference on Education—it is plain that a big proportion of Australian schools are definitely excluded from its purview. Catholic taxpayers are contributing to the expenses of the several delegates from the State Education Departments, and yet whatever benefits will accrue will not be available for the schools where Catholic children are educated. And, further, in so far as the State schools may adopt higher or altered standards the Catholic schools will be forced to copy them, either by regulation or by competition, and this will be wholly at the expense of the Catholic section of the community. In those circumstances there is no such thing as National Education, though it would be quite easy to achieve if the State would agree to pay for all secular education given to its children, in a way that would not outrage the conscience of any section of the people.

A final criticism of the State secular system is that, of its graduates, I do not know one whose training has enabled him to grasp the elementary principles of justice underlying the Catholic position; and, if I may be permitted an incidental criticism of the Catholic schools, it is that, without disparaging their work in turning out fervent Catholics and upright citizens, they are not sufficiently active in stimulating the Catholic body to a more forcible protest against the intolerant attitude adopted by the upholders of the present system. The latter shelter themselves behind the name of "the State," but they are only a majority of the citizens, and they ought to be made to realize the extent of their violation of the rights of conscience of a minority.

F. J. CORDER.

MR. MALLOCK'S NEW REPUBLIC

EVERYBODY has an attitude towards Catholicism. And those who urge the claims of the Catholic Church simply by pointing to what it is, by confronting the reader with the great brute fact of it, and then exhibiting it in its manifold aspects, with the question, "Hang it all, what do you make of it?" must not be content when they have pointed to what it is in itself: equally important, as evidence that the Catholic Church is a real thing and (for good or evil) a living force, is the fact that it is a perpetual stimulus to those outside its own influence. The reactions it provokes are various: it incites some to rather meaningless imitation, others to equally meaningless revolt; it attracts, repels, scandalizes, inspires, but always it is a positive influence. From whatever point of view there is no more remarkable and no more pathetic phenomenon in this connection than the fascination it has, from one century to another, for certain souls who never fight their way, or who only fight their way at the last moment, through the barriers of scruple which have kept them out of it. The door is there all the time, and accessible, like that of the magic garden in *Alice in Wonderland*, but always there is something in themselves which, till the very last, denies them entrance.

A remarkable phenomenon; for, from the Catholic point of view, why should some few souls boggle thus interminably over those final hesitations which the simple take in their stride? And, from the Protestant point of view, how can it be that critics who have such a keen eye to detect all other impositions cannot free themselves from the unhealthy glamour of this primeval fraud? A pathetic phenomenon too; for what waste of powers it involves for the person concerned, this perpetual beating of moth's wings against the glass! It has, in these lives, the devastating effect of a great and tragic love. *La Belle Dame sans Merci* has them in thrall:

Mr. Mallock's New Republic

they cannot forget the unattainable ambition ; it spoils everything else for them, dulls all lesser fires. No use to suggest that they should compromise, enter upon some *mariage de convenance* to console themselves ; the ideal they have dreamed will not content them, but nothing else shall. Indeed, if you are ill advised enough to offer them substitutes, the more colourable the imitation the more indignant is their refusal ; its very plausibility irritates. So, through a lifetime of intellectual tragedy, the passion burns on ; sometimes very late, sometimes on a death-bed, sometimes not at all (as far as we can know) the illumination comes, but, so far as this life is concerned, too long sought, and too late found.

Such a man died as a Catholic and was buried as a Catholic only the other day, yet not till long after his hankerings for Catholicism, his unsparing criticism of everything but Catholicism, had found their way into the common textbooks of Catholic apologetic. A writer of genius, W. H. Mallock will enjoy this rather chastened form of literary immortality even if he is forgotten by the world of letters. The Prig himself, with the intolerance of his fervid conviction, never wrote so bitterly against High Church principles as Mallock, with his exasperated scepticism. Nor could the most tub-thumping apologist expose the emptiness and the weariness of creedless philosophies more energetically than Mallock, the man who for long could not find a creed. Catholics, at least, will not be content to

Cover in taciturn gloom
Each for his brother the hushed
Heart, and the limitless dreams,
With a little gift of sand.

Catholics, and converts especially ; for there, but for the grace of God, went each of them.

Yet the world of letters would do ill to forget Mallock. The briefness of his obituary notices in the Press is a marked testimony to our public shortness of memory. And indeed, between us and the last generation a great

Mr. Mallock's New Republic

chaos is fixed. The great men of his own day, the idols whose feet he went round tapping so maliciously, are mummies rather than idols to us, and South Kensington has claimed them for its own. But, in proportion as the topical interest of any satire declines, with the passing away of the vogue it satirized, the antiquarian value of the satire is enhanced. What would one not have given to see Cleon's face in the theatre when Aristophanes produced *The Knights*, or (the younger of us) to have gone to the first night of *Patience*? To catch the topical interest? And yet, that very topical interest has embalmed and immortalized the great satires; you must not write about Athenian democracy till you have read *The Knights*, or the æsthetic movement until you have seen *Patience*. On the same principle, it is to be hoped that even if *The New Paul and Virginia* and *Is Life worth Living?* pass from the library to the lumber-room, Mallock will still be remembered by the *New Republic*. Already, indeed, it has passed into the tradition of "Greats" at Oxford; your tutor does not tell you to read it, but your friends do. And not all the biographies, not all the newspaper files, will recapture for posterity the atmosphere of 1880 if the *New Republic* is allowed to die.

For there they stand, those great figures of Pre-jubilarian Victorianism, so life-like that the reader feels a wild impulse to retire, apologizing for having intruded upon their conversation, as a short-sighted person might before some group in Madame Tussaud's. Ruskin and Huxley and Jowett and Matthew Arnold and Pater—what have we done that we should thus suddenly be privileged to overhear their conversation? For the parody in the book is of that infinitely subtle variety, the *Christmas Garland* variety, that is only just not sheer imitation: it is caricature that comes within an ace of photography. The poem recited by Mr. Luke (Arnold) which contains the lines quoted above, is not so much another man writing almost exactly like Matthew Arnold as Matthew Arnold himself writing when he is a tiny bit off colour. Mr. Rose thinks exactly as Pater

Mr. Mallock's New Republic

thought, speaks exactly as Pater wrote ; it is only when we find that somebody else can do it that we begin to catch its absurdity. And Jowett, whom above all Mallock was determined to satirize (smarting still under the prophecy that Mr. Mallock would write a second-class novel)—could he himself have made a better defence of his own attitude than "Dr. Jenkinson" makes in the theatre ?

If one were to aim—the temptation cannot but suggest itself—at repeating Mallock's triumph by writing a dialogue whose characters should burlesque the great men of our modern day, there would, it is clear, be striking dissimilarities. Your modern scientist, instead of brushing aside personal immortality as an outworn conception, would as likely as not be evoking half Tartarus in proof of it: your art critic, instead of plotting the destruction of all factory machinery, would come fresh from etching it: and if Oxford did contribute a dreamy Hellenist, he would not be inclined to condemn the translation of a Euripides chorus as "too ascetic." But these are, perhaps, accidents of the wheel of Fashion ; what is more disturbing about the prospect is the uneasy suspicion that one could not get the men. Could not get together, I mean, even in an imaginary country house-party, a collection of public figures in the literary and scientific world that would at all "carry the guns" of these their predecessors. That is not to say that in their own way and on their own lines our contemporaries may not be men of real greatness ; but could you make a collection of *public characters* that would be recognizable to the more intelligent reading public, without adding far more in the way of introduction and explanation than Mallock ever used, or needed to use ?

There have been attempts, of course, to caricature living persons in fiction : one thinks of Mr. Wells. But, even if Mr. Wells had enough sensitivity to other people's points of view to enable him to become an adequate caricaturist, has he really got the stuff to work upon ? As it is, he is forced to caricature politicians, and the poli-

Mr. Mallock's New Republic

tician is bound to cut some sort of recognizable figure before the world's eye ; but Mallock has no Disraeli, and no Gladstone. If you confined yourself to men whose reputation was based on their writings or their appearances in society, could you raise such a galaxy among the moderns ? Would not your choice fall either on newspaper heroes with no solid background, or on studious recluses whose very names Fleet Street has not learned to spell ? Dr. Inge might, perhaps, just fit Jowett's collar, and yet . . .

And yet, would there be quite the same sublime bathos if you put any modern divine into Dr. Jenkinson's place, and made him preach his sermon in the midst of a gorge representing the Indian Caucasus, after Faust and the young witch have been rapidly rolled up, " and discovered first the feet and legs, and then the entire person " of the preacher ? We are too well accustomed, nowadays, to hearing even bishops preach in theatres. All the impish farce of the *New Republic* depends for its effect upon the dignity, the largeness, of the characters who are thus forced to sit on their hats. Our public men do not take themselves quite seriously enough to be made fools of properly. Even when Mr. Saunders' man packs up his sponge in his disproof of the existence of God, and the housemaid throws it away as it hangs up to dry, our laughter, nowadays, is chastened by a tinge of regret for the days when people tried to disprove the existence of God in sober earnest. " Young man," Mr. Storks says upon that occasion, " you should never in this virulent way deny God's existence. What rational man believes in it ? "—and Mr. Saunders has taken the hint.

And if our public figures are less solemn to-day, they are also more departmentalized. A modern collection of men so eminent in their several spheres (if there are such) as Huxley, Tyndall, Clifford,* Ruskin, Arnold, Jowett and so on would have no common meeting-ground. Each would respect the other's opinion, but if they conversed

* I am assuming the identifications left, in his own copy of the book, by one whom a later Balliol generation knew as " the Master "—J. L. Strachan-Davidson.

Mr. Mallock's New Republic

as Mallock's characters converse, they would be talking at cross purposes. Each individually would be as much out of the picture as poor Dr. Seydon, the Rector, is out of place when he comes in and talks about Michael Cerularius and Nicetas Pectoratus. Lady Ambrose might coax them into a series of monologues, but there would be no general conversation.

But Mallock was born into an age when people did not stick to their lasts; when scientists must needs philosophize, and art critics moralize, and *litterateurs* theologize. They were all capable of talking about the same things, and liked talking about the same things; each knew how he would put the world to rights. Miss Merton, the Catholic, and Mr. Saunders, the rationalist, are at the two ends of the pole; between them stand the others, devising every sort of accommodation between faith and unfaith which it is possible to conceive, in the way Mallock hated. And each attempt at a synthesis of life is ruthlessly borne down by the extremist's *reductio ad absurdum*. Dr. Jenkinson's "modern Christianity" is spiritualized away by Stockton and Luke, until Saunders bursts in and repudiates, in the name of Science, even this very watered-down form of religious philosophy. And meanwhile the "culture" preached by Luke (Arnold) is put to shame by the unabashed dilettantism of Rose (Pater), who, alas! brings Ritualism down too by his fatal commendation. At last the author himself assembles his puppets in the theatre—even Jowett, even Clifford may not be absent now—and, speaking in the person and with the very voice of Ruskin, rends all their comfortable theorizings with a challenge that threatens to throw aside the last rags of satire: "You have taken my God away from me, and I know not where you have laid him. My only consolation in my misery is that at least I am inconsolable for his loss." At which, remembering himself suddenly, Mallock has to redress the balance between humour and pathos by introducing Dr. Jenkinson's immortal comment, "Very poor taste, very poor taste."

To have pilloried thus the philosophic thought of his

Mr. Mallock's New Republic

age in the course of a discussion which is ostensibly an attempt to found an ideal state; to have framed that discussion itself with perfect plausibility in a Saturday-to-Monday spent at an English country-house; to have interspersed it with quotations from Otho Laurence's uncle, whose cynical, heathen spirit seems maliciously to haunt and to mock the deliberations of the party throughout—all that is an amazing feat of art, which the perfect realism of the setting tends to conceal from the reader. But Mallock goes further; the satirist had to point out that all this disintegrating criticism of religion was going on without giving the stupid British public any idea of what it was leading to. One stupid person had to be introduced, and she was a masterpiece. Nobody, I suppose, has attempted to find a real original for Lady Ambrose, and the attempt would be a perverse one. For Lady Ambrose is a type, a spirit—the conversational *ewei-weibliche*. It is when Laurence explains the meaning of culture to her that she reaches her sublimest:

You know something, too, of Greek and Roman history: and come (to go no farther), you know the Bible.—I hope (said Lady Ambrose in a voice of reproving solemnity) that one would not call *that* history.

And, immediately afterwards:

If it were not for history, be it never so vaguely understood, would you find the same indescribable fascination in Rome?—I never was at Rome (said Lady Ambrose), we are going there next winter with the Kenningtons.

There she sits, the type of a generation that is merely puzzled by all the infidelities of its prophets without in the least understanding them: hardly listening to them, while it wonders whether after all that invitation will come from the Duchess. And as for Rome—Rome is a place to which one goes with the Kenningtons.

She is a better Glaucon than Plato ever made, for she is everybody's interlocutor without once losing her own perfect character. The Platonism of the whole book (not in the sense in which Mrs. Sinclair understood the term)

Mr. Mallock's New Republic

is of the subtlest possible quality, but the inspiration is just perceptible throughout. You meet a turn of phrase such as this:

Even that has an effect upon us. It prevents us being merely *temporal* people, who are just as narrow-minded and dull as those merely *local* people—the natives of a neighbourhood—who wear gorgeous ribands at a flower show in the country. Don't you remember last year, when I was staying with you, how you pointed some of them out to me, and how amused you were at their ways and their finery?

That is not merely Plato, it is Jowett's Plato—the very cadences of the Master's own translation. Poor Master, to be thus belaboured with his own weapon!

For he, more than any of the others, has to bear the brunt of the satire. He is the Don-mind incarnate, with all its hesitations and embarrassments; even when he is not a party to the dialogue himself, there is sure to be something that grates upon him. His fellow-guests fall to wondering whether the stars are inhabited: "Dr. Jenkinson had a sensible horror of the stars." When Ruskin asks Tyndall whether his "religion" includes any idea of a future life, it is Jowett, not Tyndall, whose withers are wrung: "These sort of questions ought never to be asked in that hard, abrupt way. You can't answer them—you can't answer them." And he has to sit through the extract from Mr. Rose's Essay on Capacity with no more relief to his feelings than tapping on the floor with his feet and muttering, "Oh, this will *never* do—this will *never* do!" He is a victim throughout, from the moment when Miss Prattle (her conversation-menu being wrongly made up) opens fire with the question: "Are you High Church or Low Church?" to the moment when he finds that it is Dr. Seydon who is reading the prayers on the Sunday evening. And Mrs. Sinclair wants him to translate the Greek Anthology for her, and Miss Merton disappoints him by suddenly proving to be a Catholic, and Mr. Herbert tells him that he is "a consecrated priest of the Church of Christ."

Mr. Mallock's New Republic

Mallock, born perhaps with something of a crooked temperament and even a crooked temper, found himself in a world where the Don still dominated, and Don-dogmas ruled English thought. He revolted, and was indeed a herald of revolt, against the tyranny of dogmatic scepticism. It was no good telling him that questions ought not to be asked in a hard, abrupt way. He *would* ask them; and the fact that he couldn't answer them did not make him in the least degree happier. He had, it is true, a positive inspiration to write the *New Republic* with. His lesser characters, Leslie and Lord Allen and Laurence himself, hammer out between them a conception and almost a definition of culture which is, probably, the best apologia there could be for the existence of an educated Society. And, although he was only amusing himself at Pater's expense, he did put into Pater's mouth a distinction between the unselfconscious and the self-conscious periods of human development which contains a whole nightmare of thought. But the dominant theme throughout is a negative one; the theorists can agree about everything except the one thing that makes life worth living. Religion has left the earth, and it is at once irrecoverable and irreplaceable. The official theology which offers him consolation is "nothing more than a few fragments of science imperfectly understood, obscured by a few fragments of Christianity imperfectly remembered." Its champions are "a new firm trading under an old name, and trying to purchase the goodwill of the former establishment."

The man who created the figure of Otho Laurence's uncle—the death-bed lulled by readings from Gibbon, and the untended cemetery whose legend was *Omnis moriar, nullaue pars mei vitabit Libitinam*—may, perhaps, have fancied that some day he himself would come to that; would die with no better consolation, and rest under no more friendly epitaph. If he had, it would have befitted a certain strain of pitiless realism in the make-up of his mind. But his severest critic will hardly deny that the death he found was in reality more

Mr. Mallock's New Republic

appropriate to his genius, or that the hand which gave us the *New Republic* could rest easily only in a Catholic grave.

R. A. KNOX.

A BYGONE BISHOP OF MAYO

ON July 4th, 1576, Patrick O'Hely, a Franciscan Observant, was provided to the See of Mayo, now merged in that of Tuam. On November 10th in the same year the Cardinal of Como addressed letters to the Nuncio in Spain, Niccolo Ormaneto, and to Don John of Austria, in favour of the bearer, Patrick, Bishop of Mayo. Both are required to impress upon King Philip the advisability of embracing the opportunity of restoring the Catholic religion in Ireland (P.R.O., *Transcripts from Rome*, Series I, vol. 3; *Borghese Papers, Carte di Paolo V*).

James Fitzmaurice Fitzgerald, as to whom see the *D.N.B.*, arrived at Lisbon July 5th, 1577, accompanied by his mother's kinsman, Conaghour or Cornelius O'Mulryan, a Franciscan Observant, who had been provided to the See of Killaloe on August 22nd, 1576. On October 13th, 1577, one Andrew Browne reported to his master Robert Byrd, then at Ayamonte, the rumour that Fitzmaurice and an Irish bishop were going within ten days to France on a Breton ship, with 200 soldiers with armour and calivers and such like, and that he was being "set forth" by the Spanish Ambassador, and that two caravels were to go with him. He also reported the rumour, which was certainly false, that Thomas Stucley was also at Lisbon, "kept close" in the Spanish Ambassador's house (*Cal. S.P. For.* 1577-8, n. 355). On November 13th, Luis Cesar, Councillor to King Sebastian, and Superintendent of the Arsenals and Fleets, granted Fitzmaurice a licence to take from the arsenal at Lisbon a variety of arms and ammunition, including falcons and cannon-balls (*ibid.*, n. 427). The King also ordered him to be given alms for his support, and as a result he received 2,000 or 3,000 *cruzados* from the monastery of St. Vincent. It was also reported by Francisco Giraldez, Portuguese Ambassador in England, January 25th, 1578, that the King had given Fitzmaurice a Portuguese ship with fifty

A Bygone Bishop of Mayo

soldiers on board (*ibid.*, n. 611); but this was not the case. He was obliged to hire a ship of eighty tons, belonging to one Strubec or Le Strubec of Le Croisic in Brittany, on which he set sail from Lisbon, November 17th, 1577 (as one Botulphe Holder writes to Lord Burghley), having "taken up 100 tinkers and other rascals for soldiers, bought 200 calivers, and borrowed of the King's officers 14 pieces of ordnance," in addition to the eight which the ship already carried. He gave out that he was going to Morlaix to fetch his wife; but it was an open secret that his objective was Ireland. He had with him "a bishop lately made in Spain of the order of the Grey Friars." This was not the Bishop of Killaloe, but the Bishop of Mayo, who, however, as we have seen, was consecrated at Rome (*Cal. S.P. Dom. Add. Eliz.*, 1566-79, p. 522). On March 31st, 1578, the Bishop of Mayo wrote to the Cardinal of Como (Archivio Vaticano, *Francia*, Vol. XII, f. 99) to the following effect:

We left Lisbon for Ireland on the 18th of November with the wind against us. When off the coast of Spain we met and captured an English ship. I asked Mr. James [i.e., Fitzmaurice] not to put the English sailors to death, but to set them free on their taking an oath of fealty to His Holiness, or at least to send them to the Spanish inquisitors.* He did the latter. After spending a whole month battling with the storms, we were obliged to seek harbour again on the Spanish coast [at Bayona in Galicia] where we had to spend twenty days on account of the weather. Our victuals and provisions began to fail and many of our soldiers deserted. One day when we went ashore with our servants to celebrate a solemn holy day [the Epiphany], the master of our ship went on board without our knowledge, and sailed away to Brittany, taking all our provisions with him, and leaving us without provisions, money or arms. We have followed him hither into France in the hope of recovering our goods. Mr. James is at St. Malo. I have come to Paris to ask the King for an order that our goods be restored to us. In the meantime our spoilers have warned the Queen of England to prevent our landing in Ireland. At present I have not succeeded in getting an order from the King. All these misfortunes are due to the fact that,

* Though *inquisidor* may mean a civil magistrate, it is pretty clear that the *inquisitores* here are the ecclesiastical functionaries.

A Bygone Bishop of Mayo

when Mr. James came to Portugal, he had not the means of buying a single ship, and he could not find an Italian or a Spanish one to hire. So, being in a hurry to carry out His Holiness's behest he trusted everything to untrustworthy French sailors. . . . Mr. James would never have left the Court of Rome as he did, unless he had hoped that the Apostolic Collector in Portugal [Mgr. Roberto Fontana], to whom he bore letters from your Lordship, would help him.

Anyone who may desire further particulars of this voyage and its object, is referred to a letter from one Berny to the English Ambassador at Paris, Sir Amyas Poulet, dated February 10th, 1578 (*Cal. S.P. For.*, 1577-8, n. 639), and letters from the Nuncio in Spain (Filippo Sega) to the Cardinal of Como, dated January 5th and March 22nd, 1578 (*A.V.*, *Nunt. di Spagna*, XI). It is Sega who says of Fitzmaurice that the port to which he was obliged to go, owing to the stormy weather, was Bayona. Berny calls Fitzmaurice "Bernaldin."

On April 7th a letter was addressed in the name of the King of France to the Seneschal of Nantes, then at Rennes (*Cal. S.P. For.*, 1577-8, n. 776), as follows:

Our well-beloved Patrick Solhelly, bishop of Moyennes, and James Desmond de Guiraldes have represented to us that they contend with a charter-party with one Thomas Strubec of Le Croisic to take them and their people in a vessel of his from Lisbon to Ireland, and that the said Strubec, having sailed, kept them eighteen days at sea in company with other vessels from Le Croisic, and that finally they were forced by bad weather to put back to the coast of Galicia and go on shore at Vigo to re-victual, and that having put to sea again they were by storm cast back to Mougne [? Mugia] in Spain, where the said deponents having landed, and seeing that Strubec was making difficulties about completing the voyage to Ireland, they brought an action against him and obtained an order against him to do so, which as he would not obey, they had put him in prison with those of his crew.* Thereupon they broke prison, and about midnight went on board, and, having cut the cables holding their anchors, departed, and returned to Le Croisic taking with them all the deponent's

* Sir William Drury, Lord Justice of Ireland, announced this event to the Privy Council on March 24th, but was wrongly informed that Father David Wolfe, S.J., was on board Fitzmaurice's ship. He was still at Lisbon on March 22nd.

A Bygone Bishop of Mayo

furniture, arms, clothing and provisions, who had to follow to Brittany, not without great expense and personal hazard; whereof information had been given to you, at the suit of deponents. Now, whereas we wish justice to be well and shortly done in this cause, our will is, and we command you by these presents, that having reviewed the enquiries made by you, you will proceed against the said Strubec, master-mariner, and his sailors, constraining them by all means, even by imprisonment, to make restitution of the property belonging to the deponents, and pay their expenses with damages and interest, taking yourself cognizance of the matter so far as is needful.—Paris, 7 April, 1578. Copy made by François Ruffin and Pierre Belot, notaries to the King, in his Châtelet at Paris, April 23.

On April 12th the Bishop of Killaloe wrote from Lisbon to Segá at Madrid (A.V., *Nunt. di Spagna*, XI), that he had heard from two St. Malo merchants that Fitzmaurice had arrived at St. Malo with two English ships and had recovered the property stolen from him, and that he also had been lent by his friend Monsieur de la Res (i.e., Roche) four ships with soldiers, and had been waiting for a month and a half ready to cross to Ireland. On April 23rd, Mgr. Fontana wrote to Cardinal Gallio (A.V., *Nunt. di Portogallo*, I) on the same authority, that these six ships with 2,000 soldiers had already started for Ireland many days ago. However, this rumour was entirely false: for we find a power of attorney dated at Guérande, May 12th, 1578, and executed by James Desmond, lord of Imokelly, captain for the Apostolic See in Ireland, on behalf of himself and Patrick O'Hely, Bishop of Mayo, to Maître Henry Fian and others, reciting that his claim against "Sire Thomas Lestrubec" is true and "*sans calomnie*," which he will declare on oath, and empowering his attorneys to proceed to Nantes, and there to receive from the said Thomas the property which he had to restore, and to give him a valid discharge for the same. This document is signed "*Spes nostra Jesus et Maria*, Jacques Desmond"; and is witnessed by François Jego and Pichou, notaries royal (*Cal. S.P. For.*, 1577-8, n. 863). On May 28th Fitzmaurice was at St. Malo expecting Stucley and his forces with the Bishop of Killaloe to join

A Bygone Bishop of Mayo

him there. They, on the other hand, sent messages to him to come to Lisbon. As is well known, Stucley's expedition was diverted to Morocco and came to an untimely end at the battle of Al Kasr. It might have been otherwise had Fitzmaurice returned to Lisbon as soon as he could ; but he was bent on other plans.

At the end of his long letter of March 31st, part of which has been already quoted, the Bishop of Mayo wrote :

As it is, we must go on, and cannot withdraw from the undertaking without disgrace. It is useless to expect anything from the Most Christian King. Our help must come from the Apostolic See. If Mr. James does not get to Ireland soon, it is to be feared that all the English and Irish Catholics will be put to death. The Queen, having heard rumours about Mr. James and Stucley, has increased her violence against Catholics, and her ships range the sea, the ocean, and most of the Irish ports. All the Scotsmen who have a common language with us and are allied to us are in great commotion. We also hear that three very powerful Irish magnates have recently risen against the Queen of England, to wit, [Turlough Luineach] O'Neill, [Hugh Roe] O'Donnell, and [Brian-na-Murtha] O'Rourke. If Mr. James can get to Ireland soon, they will be able to give him much help : but there is great danger in delay. Two ways occur to me by which His Blessedness can help Mr. James. One is by issuing a brief granting remission of all their sins* and a plenary indulgence to all who assist him, and excommunicating all who hinder him. The second is by sending through the Nuncio of France sufficient money to purchase at least one properly furnished ship.

On receipt of the Bishop's letter the Cardinal of Como was not favourably impressed. On May 2nd, he wrote to Bishop Sega (A.V., *Nunt. di Spagna*, XX) that the Pope had begun to be weary of the affairs of Geraldine and Stucley, and was not at all sure what truth there might be in the treachery of Le Strubec, adding "it may easily be that it is false, at any rate to a large extent, and that Geraldine has magnified every little occasion he

* In other words, the brief was to give to all priests who assisted the enterprise, authority to absolve from all reserved cases ; and to all penitents who assisted it, leave to choose their own confessor. See *Indulgences*, by the Rev. S. F. Smith, S. J. (London, Catholic Truth Society, 1908), pp. 59-73.

A Bygone Bishop of Mayo

had of not going to the labour of Ireland, and of returning to a peaceful life at St. Malo with his wife."

For a month after that the Cardinal left the bishop's letter unanswered. Then, on June 2nd, he wrote to him a curt reply,* as follows:

Most Reverend Lord, I have received your Lordship's letter dated the last of March, in which you signify that you have met so many hindrances in your voyage that they have caused our Most Holy Lord not only grief but wonder as well. It was certainly unfortunate, to take one point alone, and you are not without blame in the matter, that you landed without taking any precautions, and that the captain deserted you. Again, it would have been wiser to make use of that English ship, which, as you write, was taken by you, rather than to let it go.† But, as you know, another ship was got ready for you in Portugal and money paid. If, however, it is true, as the Collector writes on 23 April, that Mr. James has set sail for Ireland with six ships and two thousand armed men provided for his assistance by a nobleman of that province, it will be most opportune, and if he embarks upon anything notable His Holiness will not fail him. As for the recovery of the property for which you have gone to Paris, letters are being written to the Apostolic Nuncio to help you in the matter with his Christian Majesty. . . .

The bishop replied to this in a letter dated June 22nd,‡ in which he pointed out that the rumour reported by Mgr. Fontana was wholly false. Fitzmaurice had not, wrote the bishop, a single ship in which to cross to Ireland; moreover, he had no certain news of Stucley.

On June 14th, the Cardinal wrote to Fitzmaurice:§

Most Illustrious Sir, I received your letter dated at Lisbon some time ago, and have not replied to it earlier, because I was hoping to hear shortly of the accomplishment of your journey and your arrival in your native land, when I could have written more fully and offered you my congratulations. I am very sorry that things have turned out contrary to our expectations, and that you have met with all the misfortunes of which a letter from the

* Printed by Alphons Bellesheim, *Geschichte der Katholischen Kirche in Irland* (Mainz, 1890-1), II, pp. 699-700.

† It would seem that they did go to Le Croisic in the English ship.

‡ Printed by Bellesheim, *op cit.*, II, 700.

§ Letter printed by Bellesheim, pp. 698-9, but wrongly dated June 14th, 1575.

A Bygone Bishop of Mayo

Bishop of Mayo informs us. When His Holiness heard of them he was much grieved about your worries and troubles, but he has not given up hope that some day soon with the favour of God you will be able to go on with what you have begun. In the meantime, in case you might be straitened for want of a little assistance, he is sending you a subsidy of a thousand ducats, which the Archbishop of Nazareth, who is leaving Rome for the King's Court, will take with him, and the Archbishop will see to it that they are paid to you in the most convenient way that he can manage. I suppose you have heard of Mr. Stucley, who a few months ago started to re-inforce you with a large ship well-furnished with a full complement of crew, arms, and veteran soldiers, but because he did not hear that you had started, he remains in Portugal . . . and we do not know for certain what he is going to do. It will be convenient if you interchange views, and come to some decision on the whole matter. Farewell in the Lord.—Rome, 14th June, 1578.

On the same day the Cardinal sent a similar letter (A.V., *Arm.*, XLIV, Vol. 28), quite friendly in tone, to the Bishop of Mayo.

The Archbishop of Nazareth, Fabio Mirto Frangipane, appears to have arrived at Paris about July 13th. In the meantime James Fitzmaurice came to Paris on June 4th. Sir Amyas Poulet was informed by a friar concerning the shape and fashion of one of Fitzmaurice's servants, and of his apparel, and caused the servant to be followed about until he eventually discovered his master's lodging (*Cal. S.P. For.*, 1578-9, p. 6). On June 6th, Fitzmaurice called on the Nuncio, Mgr. Anselmo Dandini, and gave him a letter to the Cardinal of Como, in which "Jacobus Desmoniae de Geraldinis" suggested that it would be advisable to send two or three Jesuits, if possible, both to Scotland and Ireland to arouse sluggish Catholics. This letter is dated June 6th (A.V., *Nunt. di Francia*, XII; *Inghilterra-Fiandra*, I). By July 7th, Fitzmaurice was living at Dinan with his wife and a household of sixteen other persons, "which argues," as Sir Amyas writes to Queen Elizabeth (*Cal. S.P. For.*, 1578-9, p. 53), "that he finds liberal friendship in this country, and there is no appearance that he is preparing for any new voyage."

A Bygone Bishop of Mayo

However, appearances were deceptive, and Fitzmaurice was "hard up." There is extant an acknowledgment of the receipt from "Jacques de Desmond," lord of Kerrykurrihy, of seven chased silver cups and two *gallices* as pledge for a loan of a hundred crowns, executed and ratified at his lodging in the Rue de Léhon, Dinan, June 27th, 1578. The advent of the Archbishop of Nazareth put him on his feet again; for, on July 25th, 1578, there is a note of the repayment of two hundred *livres* and the consequent return of the *gallices* and four of the cups (*ibid.*, n. 110).

Very shortly afterwards Fitzmaurice took ship at Nantes for Bilbao with his wife and family and a few friends, leaving Bishop O'Hely behind in France, probably at Paris. We then lose sight of the bishop for more than a year. It is said, however, that when he was at Paris the bishop took a notable part in the public disputations at the University, and showed himself a master not only of Scotist philosophy but also of patristic learning and apologetics. Early in July, 1579, he, with another Franciscan, Conn or Cornelius O'Rourke, son of Brian, Lord of Breifne, landed at Smerwick Haven "before the Traitor arrived,"* and by August 17th they had made their way to Askeaton, where the Countess of Desmond, the fifteenth Earl's second wife, Eleanor, daughter of Edmund Butler, Lord Dunboyne, entertained them. Next day, however, she warned the Mayor of Limerick of their coming. He arrested them, and handed them over to the tender mercies of the Lord Justice, Sir William Drury, who had by then arrived at Kilmallock to fight against Fitzmaurice, who on that day (August 18th) lost his life in a skirmish against his wife's cousins, Theobald and William Burke and their followers. After torture the two Franciscans were executed by martial law, August 22nd, 1579. The following October 10th the Earl claimed the credit for the arrest, and imprisonment in Limerick gaol of "three Irish scholars, in mariners attire

* The *Catholic Encyclopædia* wrongly says "after James Fitzmaurice had landed," and that the execution took place in September.

A Bygone Bishop of Mayo

... and one of them a Bishop, who were sent by the Traiture to practise with the North to join with him, for which they were by my Lord Justice executed" (P.R.O., *S.P. Ir.*, Eliz., LXIX, 51). Who the third sufferer was, if indeed he existed at all, is unknown. He does not seem to be mentioned elsewhere.

In Richard Verstegan's *Theatrum Crudelitatis* (3rd edition, Antwerp, 1592, opposite p. 80) is a picture of the bishop hanging, in cope and mitre, with only one companion, and the account of the martyrdom (on p. 80) mentions only one friar as having suffered with him. Verstegan says that though the bodies hung with their feet only just off the ground they were not eaten by wolves or by any of the other wild animals that infested those parts.

Sir William Drury, as President of Munster, had been guilty of great cruelties, and had hanged four hundred Irishmen within a year, but the execution of the Bishop of Mayo and his companion (or companions) seems to have most vividly affected the popular imagination, and his own death, which occurred about October 9th, at Waterford, was generally regarded by contemporary Catholics as a direct interposition of Divine Justice in retribution for this crime. We need mention only Thomas Bourchier, whose *Historia Ecclesiastica* was published in 1583,* and the writer in *The Annals of Loch Cé*.† Both say that Sir William was attacked by his disease immediately after the crime he had committed. It is to be noticed, however, that on October 2nd, Drury was said to have been "dangerously sick 15 days" only.‡ However this may be, in Ireland the people still cross themselves at the cross roads, seeing in fancy

The dead Franciscan in his monkish gown,
His cord of poverty, and shaven crown,
Swing from the bough, and with the irreverent winds
Go wavering up and down.

JOHN B. WAINSWRIGHT.

* *Op. cit.*, p. 163.

† Hennessy, *Annals of Loch Cé* (London, 1871, II, pp. 427, 429).

‡ *Cal. S.P. Ir.*, p. 189.

MEMORIES OF ST. GEORGE MIVART

THE time has not come—perhaps never will come—when it will be profitable to discuss the events connected with the later years of the life of the man described by Darwin, even in the days when he exceedingly disliked him, as “the distinguished zoologist” whose name stands at the head of this article. Here it is intended to discuss a wholly different aspect of his life, but before entering on that topic the present writer must not allow the opportunity to pass without offering his personal tribute of gratitude, and for the moment will pass from the oblique to the direct and adopt what Thackeray calls “the simple upright, perpendicular,” for a few lines. When, then, I, as a young medical man, had the fortune to find my way into the bark of Peter in 1883, I was at first, as a scientific student, confused as to the bearing of the Darwinian theories—to use the common term—on religion as taught by the Catholic Church. There were not then the books that are now at the disposition of the student, and the excellent priest, now dead, the late Canon Greaney, who was my mentor, very candidly admitted that the matter was quite out of his line of country. But he procured for me Mivart’s *Genesis of Species*, which I read with great interest, and further advised me to enter into correspondence with its author. Let me at once say that, having adopted this advice, I can hardly speak too highly of the kindness and helpfulness shown by the distinguished man, for that he was at the time, to a very young and quite unknown student. At first our correspondence mainly ran on the lines of religious and philosophical difficulties, nor could anyone have had to deal with a more convinced or fervent member of the Church than I had in the man who afterwards adventured to spar with her. But, as I had abandoned medical practice for a Professorial Chair, our correspondence gradually became of a more purely

St. George Mivart

biological character, and I well remember the pleasure which it gave me to receive the compliment of being asked to look over the manuscript of an article for the DUBLIN REVIEW on Weismann's theories, then exciting much interest in the scientific world. As time went on, I know not why, this correspondence came to an end, and it was with a shock, after some years of silence, that I heard from a mutual friend of the sudden change effected by disease in his austere and almost haughty character.

There was so much of candour and regret in the way in which the intelligence was conveyed that the information could hardly be doubted, and, indeed, in no long time it was fully corroborated. I never doubted, then or since, that this was the result of disease, though, until after his death, I was not aware that it was diabetes, and not what I had suspected which was the underlying cause of much, if not all, that seemed strange in his behaviour to those who had known him in earlier days. Let me lay my small wreath of gratitude on his grave, and pass from personal to general matters.

It is with his writings on Darwinism and his relations with Charles Darwin and his circle, so to speak, that this article is chiefly concerned, and let it be remembered that Mivart had made a very distinct place for himself in the zoological world, as testified by his Fellowship of the Royal Society and the distinctions conferred upon him by the Linnean and Zoological Societies. His contributions to this branch of knowledge are highly technical in their character and much esteemed by students of the subject, but need not be further alluded to here. Nor need much time be spent over his philosophical writings. "I have loved science all my life, and philosophy ever since early in my life I made its acquaintance," he once said to me, and he made great efforts to interest others in it, though with small success. For, in any case, philosophical discussions are not readily made interesting to the general reader, nor, it must be confessed, did Mivart wield the light and facile pen which was so great an asset to his contemporary Huxley. I received from him an

Memories of

early copy of his little *Philosophical Catechism*, with a letter stating that he had drawn it up with great pains in the interests of young men who were so commonly confronted with the difficulties which he endeavoured to clear up. The catechetical form is deterrent to many, including the present writer, and, in any case, the booklet fell dead from the Press. It was too dull and stiff for young men and too elementary, of course by intention, for scholars. His writings in connection with Darwinism are quite a different matter, for here he was on a ground where he was by far the most important antagonist of a man who, with the circle of friends surrounding him, was in the full blaze of the limelight for the time being. In 1859 Darwin issued the work commonly known as *The Origin of Species*, though, that the contents of the book may be fully understood, the remainder of the title, "By Means of Natural Selection or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Existence," ignored by many, should be added, since Darwin, as Mivart very fully showed and was perhaps the first to show, by no means originated the discussion of the origin of species. What he did was to suggest a method whereby species might originate, namely, Natural Selection. And it was precisely that suggestion that Mivart set himself to criticize, first of all, in the *Genesis of Species*, and shortly afterwards in the *Quarterly Review*, the *quarterly* article coming immediately after the publication of Darwin's *Descent of Man*, which Mivart very properly looked upon as the coping-stone of the Darwinian edifice of theory. As a biologist and a philosophical thinker of the conservative school, it was natural that Mivart should be asked by the editor of such a review as the *Quarterly* for an authoritative utterance on a subject then vexing the public mind, and all must admit that in the article in question there was offered a most painstaking and close analysis of the writings dealt with. In *The Genesis of Species* and in the article, Mivart's criticism was largely directed to the theory held by Darwin that Natural Selection worked through small variations and not through

St. George Mivart

great. *Natura non facit saltum* was a true dictum in Darwin's opinion and that he adhered to this opinion in spite of Huxley, his mentor, and that to the end is shown by the catena of quotations given by Prof. Poulton.* Mivart proposed the difficulty never adequately dealt with and, in the opinion of many, fatal to the theory, that the first minute stages of such modification could have no "inheritance value" and hence never could tend to the formation of a new species. Let us take an imaginary example: it may be admitted that a succulent white butterfly, much beloved as an article of food by birds, would have a better chance of eluding pursuit if it were of a brown hue like the branches and dried twigs. But the first few spots of brown, or the first faint dawn of a brown tinge, could help it so little, if at all, as to be quite useless for protection, and thus unlikely to be inherited. Darwin would have nothing to do with the greater modifications, known to-day as Mutations. The matter cannot be discussed here and now, but this may be said, that at least a very large and important school of biologists, probably the majority to-day, will not hear of the small fluctuations as effecting anything in the direction of species-making, and pin their faith to the greater Mutations. Thus is Mivart justified by posterity. In the book there was, however, another section which led to considerable discussion, and that was the part in which Mivart set himself to show, what is now well known or should be to every educated man, but was then quite unknown, namely, that as a method of creation the Catholic Church has no objection at all to the theory of transformism; in fact, that some of her greatest Fathers had discussed with approval that hypothesis. On this matter very naturally he did not touch in the article, and we may keep apart the two discussions which arose upon these writings. The article in the *Quarterly* was, of course, anonymous, but the authorship no doubt was a *secret de Polichinelle* and ceased to be that when Mivart republished it later on in his

* *Darwin and the Origin*, pp. 254 f.

Memories of

Lessons from Nature. Darwin early suspected who had written the article, as we shall see, and was desperately annoyed at it. It will be necessary to consider, in some detail, Mivart's criticism in order to understand Darwin's attitude. Mivart commences by endeavouring to show that there is a considerable change of front in the later as compared with the earlier book. In *The Origin* it is laid down that Natural Selection, as has just been described, can only act by taking advantage of successive slight alterations; can never take a leap, but must advance by short steps. Indeed, it is pointed out that Darwin there admits that, if it could be shown that any complicated organ could not possibly have been formed by such "numerous, successive, slight modifications, my theory would absolutely break down."

Yet the Reviewer claims that, in *The Descent of Man*: It is admitted by our author that we may have "abrupt, strongly marked changes," "neither beneficial nor injurious" to the creatures possessing them, produced by "unknown agencies" lying deep "in the nature or constitution of the organism" and which, if acting uniformly, would "probably" modify similarly "all the individuals of a species." If this (comments the Reviewer), is not an abandonment of "natural selection" it would be difficult to select terms more calculated to express it.

In connection with what he considered to be a very considerable change of opinion, he further claimed that:

A certain caution should be shown in giving full acceptance to the very numerous statements in the book which are avowedly recommended by a mere "may be."

And he continues in words which might, with great force, have been applied to the writings of many another who has dealt with this topic:

This is the more necessary as the Author, starting at first with an avowed hypothesis, constantly asserts it as an undoubted fact and claims for it, somewhat in the spirit of a theologian, that it should be received as an article of faith.

And again another complaint, which also might be made in the case of many writers on scientific matters

St. George Mivart

unacquainted, as so many of them are, with even the rudiments of philosophy :

We must complain of the way in which he positively affirms again and again the existence of the very things which have to be proved.

Further, the author is told that

he now strangely exaggerates the action of sexual selection as previously he exaggerated the effects of the "survival of the fittest."

The criticism concludes with the statement that the author has "utterly failed in the only part of his work which is really important"; that his "errors are mainly due to a radically false metaphysical system in which he seems (like so many other physicists) to have become entangled"; and, finally, the hope is expressed that he may yet live to furnish us with another work, which, while enriching physical science, shall not, with needless opposition, set at naught the first principles of philosophy and religion.

This is close criticism—even severe—but there is nothing of the personal in it nor, indeed, is there any trace of such thing in the article unless it may be claimed that it can be found in the complaint that, whilst the advocates of Darwinian views received laudatory prefixes to their names when quoted, as "our great anatomist and philosopher Prof. Huxley," and "our great philosopher Herbert Spencer," and their works are also the subject of "panegyric," as when we read of "the admirable treatises of Sir Charles Lyell and Sir John Lubbock"; no such commendation is given to Sir Richard Owen—a much greater man of science than any of those mentioned—when quotations are made, as they often are, from his writings, the reason alleged being that Owen was not a follower of Darwin. Rising as we have done from a recent perusal of the article in question, we cannot see that the writer criticized had any reason to complain of having been unfairly treated. Severe the criticism no doubt was, but what copious writer, especially on highly contentious points, has ever escaped strong and even

Memories of

severe criticism? Few, perhaps, escape even really unfair criticism, and must needs content themselves with the couplet:

Bavius assails me with his venal quill,
I wished the wretch a dinner and was still.

But certainly it is not usually within the pages of the staid *Quarterlies* that one looks for unfairness, nor, in this case, will the impartial reader discover it where others professed to do.

No question but this criticism in the article and the book shook Darwin as nothing else did. On January 30th, 1871, he writes to A. R. Wallace:*

I have just read (but not with sufficient care) Mivart's book, and I feel *absolutely certain* that he meant to be fair (but he was stimulated by theological fervour); yet I do not think that he has been quite fair. . . . Mivart is savage or contemptuous about my "moral sense" and so probably will you be. I am extremely pleased that he agrees with my position, *as far as animal nature is concerned*, of man in the series; or, if anything, thinks that I have erred in making him too distinct.

Shortly after this, a citizen of the U.S.A., a Mr. Chauncey Wright, produced an article, essaying to answer Mivart's criticism, in which it was asserted that passages of Darwin's works had been unfairly quoted. The editor of the *Life and Letters* is careful to point out that in the passages alluded to no inverted commas were used, so that it was a paraphrase—and perhaps not a happy one—of Darwin's words which was attempted and affords another example of the inadvisability of ever attempting to do otherwise than quote the *ipsissima verba* where the discussion is sure to be one in which some measure of feeling must be evoked. Darwin thought so highly of Mr. Wright's article that he had it published and circulated in pamphlet form at his own expense. And he was stimulated to write again to Wallace, under date July 9th, 1871:

Mivart's book is producing a great effect against Natural Selection, and more especially against me. . . . I grieve to see

* *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, iii. pp. 135-6.

St. George Mivart

the omission of the words by Mivart, detected by Wright. I complained to Mivart that in two cases he quotes only the commencement of sentences by me and thus modifies my meaning; but I never supposed that he would have omitted words. There are other cases of what I consider unfair treatment. I conclude with sorrow that, though he means to be honourable, he is so bigoted that he cannot act fairly.

From Darwin to Wallace, July 12th, 1871:

God knows whether my strength and spirit will last out to write a chapter *versus* Mivart and others; I do so hate controversy and feel I shall do it so badly. (In a later part of this letter allusion is made to the Huxley-Suarez episode, yet to be dealt with.)

So far one detects the rising note of irritation. At first Darwin was content to regard Mivart as an honourable but biased opponent, but gradually he came to assume a more hostile position, and finally wrote the following letter to Sir Joseph Hooker.* It may be matter for consideration whether this letter, which was excluded from the original collection, might not have better been left to obscurity:

September 17, 1871.—You never read such strong letters Mivart wrote to me about respect towards me, begging that I would call upon him, etc., etc., yet in the *Quarterly Review* (July, 1871), he shows the greatest scorn and animosity towards me, and with uncommon cleverness says all that is most disagreeable. He makes me the most arrogant odious beast that ever lived. I cannot understand him; I suppose that accursed religious bigotry is at the root of it. Of course he is quite at liberty to scorn and hate me, but why take trouble to express something more than friendship? It has mortified me a good deal.

Darwin, as everybody knows, suffered from constant ill-health, in fact, the output of work which was his is almost miraculous under the circumstances, and one can only surmise that when this letter was penned he was even more than usually indisposed. For the article, readers of the quotations given above must judge for themselves whether they are patient of the interpretation put upon them in the letter, and either make, or are intended to

* *More Letters*, i. p. 333.

Memories of

make, Darwin appear to the readers of the *Quarterly* in the light which his mind imagined was inevitable. To say that "with uncommon cleverness he says all that is most disagreeable" means no more than that the critic has acutely ascertained the weak places in his author's armour and inserted his weapon therein; and, pray, for what other purpose does the critic exist? The last and the worst allegation amounts to this: "If you are my friend, you will not criticize my book severely, even if you think that it merits such criticism," and that attitude of mind leads to log-rolling and every kind of abuse. Many a man has had, and will yet have, to choose between friendship and truth, when reviewing a book, and in this case, if unfairness there was, it is to be feared that it was on the side of Darwin.

It will be admitted that that distinguished man was not always first-rate at seeing where the real kernel of a matter lay, and here is an excellent example of the fact. He attributes Mivart's hostile criticism to a religious bias, yet he does not seem to have noticed that whilst the criticism in question was of an entirely scientific character, and referred to details of a purely scientific nature, Mivart was the one man who, writing from the orthodox side in religion, was careful to point out that so far as the main doctrine of transformism was concerned the Catholic Church had no complaint to make of his treatise. Whilst most non-Catholic theologians were carrying on their controversy—if, indeed, such it can be called—on much the same ignorant and self-advertising lines as characterize the discourses on the same topic of Mr. William Jennings Bryan in recent months, Mivart was assuring the world that the theological difficulty does not arise at all, and that the Fathers of the Early Church had already suggested everything that Darwin and his most ardent supporters could possibly ask for. Yet it was this supporter that Darwin must needs attack for religious bias. A more crass procedure is hardly to be discovered in the history of controversy.

No doubt, as Darwin would have been the first to

St. George Mivart

admit himself, his ignorance of the Catholic Faith was not merely abysmal but total, and it may be suspected that he mainly relied on his friend Huxley for what he imagined to be his knowledge of that topic. Huxley may not have thought that what he did not know was not knowledge, though at times it almost looked as if such was his attitude, and he evidently thought that he knew as much as man need know about the Church. Slightly to alter the words of one of the characters in Mr. Anstey's *Lyre and Lancet*, what he really knew about it might have been put into a homœopathic globule and then it would have rattled.

That, however, never prevented him from pontificating on that or any other topic, whether he knew anything about it or not. Those who can carry their memories back to the eighties of the last century will remember his magisterial pronouncements on the subject of Home Rule for Ireland, a matter of which he knew as little as the next man, and in connection with a country of which he knew nothing at all. And so he committed himself once to the truly scientific statement that one of the great merits of the doctrine of evolution was that it was flat contrary to all the dogmas of that implacable enemy of learning, the Catholic Church. Hence, when Mivart came forward to show, as he did conclusively, that the Church took up no such attitude towards evolution, Huxley was not delighted as he ought to have been, but very angry that it should be suggested that he should have been ignorant of the attitude of that body. Mivart must be shown to be wrong, and Huxley was the man to show it. And so we find him writing from St. Andrews, to Darwin* :

By great good luck there is an excellent library here with a good copy of Suarez, in a dozen big folio volumes.

Suarez had been mentioned by Mivart amongst a number of other writers as approving of a transformist doctrine. The Editor of *The Life and Letters* speaks of him as "the learned Jesuit on whom Mr. Mivart mainly relies," but,

* *Life and Letters*, p. 147.

Memories of

as three lines only out of three pages are devoted to that particular author, the thought rises that the editor had failed to follow Routh's advice and verify his references. At any rate, though St. Augustine there, and in all books on the topic which have since appeared down to Canon Dorlodot's to-day, is the main person quoted, Huxley, for some reason, seems to have concentrated his attention on Suarez, whose works were perhaps more accessible in St. Andrews. He proceeds :

Amongst these I dived, to the great astonishment of the librarian, and looking into them "as the careful robin eyes the delver's toil" (*vide Idylls*), I carried off the two venerable clasped volumes which were most promising.

On which the editor remarks :

Even those who know Mr. Huxley's unrivalled power of tearing the heart out of a book must marvel at the skill with which he has made Suarez speak on his side.

There is no use continuing the incident further, though there was considerable discussion as to what this and the other author exactly did or did not mean—purely academic in interest to-day, when books like that of Canon Dorlodot are available to everybody to show what the real position of the Church is.* But the incident is very illuminating in many ways. At least, this great merit must be allowed to Huxley, that he did endeavour to ascertain what was the state of the case from the original documents. That he went wrong from time to time is due, perhaps, largely to the fact that he was so confident of himself that he could not imagine that any technicalities of language could interpose difficulty of comprehension when he tackled an unfamiliar book or subject. He would have laughed at anyone who tried to read one of his own scientific papers with no previous knowledge of zoological terms, but it did not seem to occur to him that the vocabulary of scholastic philosophy might also be somewhat technical and require some study before its more difficult manuals could be successfully encoun-

* *Darwinism and Catholic Thought*. By Canon Dorlodot, D.D., D.Sc. Translated by Rev. Ernest Messenger. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne, 6s.)

St. George Mivart

tered. It will be remembered that Huxley, writing to Mivart, November 12th, 1885 (the date is of significance in connection with a matter yet to be dealt with), refers to the Galileo episode on which he desires further information, and adds:

I looked into the matter when I was in Italy, and I arrived at the conclusion that the Pope and the College of Cardinals had rather the better of it.*

Reverting, however, to the main topic, it must be admitted that, when a certain man or ring of men have made a topic their own, there is almost always a measure of impatience felt at the intrusion of anyone else, even intelligently camping on ground which has been considered to have been long since pre-empted:

Thus have I heard on Irwell's inky shore
Another lion give a louder roar,
And the first lion thought the last a bore.

Alfred R. Wallace was a singularly open-minded man and a man of high courage, who never hesitated to differ from his scientific contemporaries, however eminent. Yet his later letters are full of contempt for the views of de Vries and Mendel, views which, in the opinion of some very distinguished biologists of to-day, have sent the Darwin-Wallace hypothesis of Natural Selection to the scrap-heap, and without any doubt have at least most profoundly modified it:

What a miserable abortion of a theory is "Mutation" which the Americans now seem to be taking up in place of Lamarckism "superseded." Anything rather than Darwinism (August 5th, 1904, p. 328).† Mendelism is something new and within its very limited range, important. (July 27th, 1907, p. 333.) Mendelian and Mutational absurd claims. (Nov. 26th, 1907, same p.) I *think* I can give a broad view of Darwinism, that will finally squash up the Mutationists and Mendelians. (Nov. 2nd, 1908, p. 335.)

We have seen that for one reason or another Mivart was far from being *persona grata* with Darwin and his circle,

* Huxley's *Life*, ii. 113.

† References to *Alfred Wallace, Letters and Reminiscences*.

Memories of

and further events were to lead to a still more serious rupture. In the *Quarterly Review* for July, 1874, there appeared an article entitled "Primitive Man—Tylor and Lubbock," of which Mivart was reputed, as was indeed the case, to be the author. With the criticisms of the authors named we have nothing to do here, but in the course of the article its writer took occasion to call attention to a communication to the *Contemporary Review* on "Beneficial Restrictions to Liberty of Marriage," which appeared over the name of Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Darwin, then a young man and possibly influenced in his choice of a subject by his father's cousin, Francis Galton. The article criticized contained suggestions which, though time and repetition have blunted the public sensibility on such topics, were then new and startling, for example, the proposal with which we have become so familiar of late, that lunacy should be a ground for divorce. Further, the tone of the article was very distinctly materialistic, and its tendency was to treat man as if he was no higher than an item of the stockyard or stud farm. "So long as the pernicious idea generally prevails that man alone is under the personal and direct management of the Deity," he tells us, it will be difficult to induce people to submit to the eugenic regulations which the article recommends:

Yet what believer in evolution can doubt that results as surprising might be effected in man, as are now seen in our horses, dogs and cabbages?

Mivart criticized these statements and others of like nature very severely, alleging that the adoption of such methods would lead to a wholly immoral state of society.

In the next number of the *Quarterly* there appeared an indignant letter from Mr. George Darwin denying that at any time or in any way had he ever been desirous of promoting immorality. To this was appended an editorial note, doubtless written by Mivart himself—at least that was what it was taken to be at the time—in which he utterly disclaims any intention whatever of imputing

St. George Mivart

any such horrible attitude of mind to Mr. George Darwin, but maintained that he was right in pointing out that, though he might not think it, the goal in question was the one to which his suggestions, if carried out, would lead men. Mr. Darwin, in his letter to the *Quarterly*, had stated that the whole object of his

essay was to advocate the introduction of further regulations in our marriage laws; and the institution of marriage is attacked only so far as that I maintained that certain changes therein are required.*

The State of Oregon, under whose laws there is annually one divorce for every two-and-a-half marriages, might plead in similar language for its legislation, and there can be no doubt that Mivart was quite right in his notion of the direction in which all this thought was tending, though, as he very clearly showed in his note, he had no intention or desire of suggesting that Mr. Darwin had any idea of what was likely to be the logical consequence of his proposals. It can hardly be supposed that Mivart could have had the slightest idea beforehand of the hornet's nest which he was to bring about his ears by his criticism of a member of the influential party then dominant in scientific affairs. In the collection of *Letters and Reminiscences of A. R. Wallace*, published a few years ago, there is a letter from Charles Darwin in which with characteristic violence on this particular head—though very seldom violent on any other—he says that

it is very unjust, not to say dishonest, of Mr. Mivart to accuse me of base fraudulent concealment.

It may greatly be doubted whether, as a matter of fact, Mivart had ever done anything of the kind, but it is to the remainder of the letter that attention is particularly directed:

I care little about myself; but Mr. Mivart in an article in the *Quarterly Review* (which I *know* was written by him) accused my son George of encouraging profligacy and this without the least foundation. I can assert this positively, as I laid George's

* *Quarterly Review*, October, 1874.

Memories of

article and the *Quarterly Review* before Hooker, Huxley and others and all agreed that the accusation was a complete falsification. Huxley wrote to him on the subject and has almost or quite cut him in consequence; and so would Hooker, but he was advised not to do so as President of the Royal Society. Well, he has gained his object in giving me pain, and good God! to think of the flattering almost fawning speeches which he has made to me! I wrote, of course, to him to say that I would never speak to him again. I ought, however, to be contented, as he is the one man who has ever, as far as I know, treated me basely.

Tantaene animis coelestibus irae—Give a dog a bad name. By degrees Darwin had come to look upon Mivart as a dishonest man and his own personal enemy instead of what he really was, his keenest critic. It is in the last degree improbable that Mivart had the intention, claimed above, of hurting Darwin's feelings as a father. And to those who knew him the term "fawning" will seem one of the most inappropriate that can be imagined. "Flattering" is another matter. Mivart was a man of courtly speech and might well have said, and with perfect honesty, to Darwin things which were flattering as well as true. There are men of whom such things may be said, and Mivart obviously, from his writings, considered that Darwin was one of them. This storm in a teacup subsided, as far at least as some of the participants were concerned, for some years afterwards, as will be seen by a reference to the dates, Mivart was Huxley's "Dear Mr. Mivart" being thanked for his "courtesy" and told that the Pope and the Cardinals had rather the best of it in the Galileo controversy.

So that all, or at least much, had been forgiven to the outcast. Mivart's contributions to the literature of science will always be consulted by those working in the fields where he was chiefly employed, and to that limited extent his name will live. But it is to his *Genesis of Species* and his connection with the turmoils which followed upon the publication of *The Origin* that the attention of historians of science and scientific movements will mainly be directed.

St. George Mivart

For the rest—*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

As long as Mivart walked in the paths of science and scientific criticism all went well, but when he strayed into a country of theology and eschatology, subjects with which he had no real familiarity, he tripped and fell.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

THE POPE'S MOUNTAINEERING

MOUNTAINEERING is the pastime of the few, and its devotees are apt to be regarded by the rest of humanity as lunatics, and not altogether harmless lunatics. Those who have never tried it cannot understand its fascination, yet almost all those who are willing to give it a trial, and who are possessed of the necessary physical advantages, become speedily bitten with almost passionate enthusiasm. It has attracted kings and statesmen, and men of intellectual distinction in many calls of life, while even bishops have been more than suspected of a covert affection for Alpinism in the days before they attained their exalted station. It may, however, safely be said that Pius XI is the first occupant of the chair of St. Peter, who at any period of his life has wandered with enthusiasm over the great peaks of the Alps. We doubt, indeed, whether in the past any serious mountaineer has attained the dignity of Cardinal—except Cardinal Franz von Salm (1800) and the Cardinal Archbishop of Prague in 1890.

It is, therefore, with no ordinary pleasure that Alpinists in this country welcome the present Pope as one of the most distinguished members of their community. For Pius XI is clearly an enthusiast. Nobody can doubt it who has read his article in the *Bolletino del C.A.I.*, Vol. XXIII (1889), a translation of which appears at the end of the admirable monograph on his Holiness, by Cardinal Gasquet (Daniel O'Connor).^{*} That article, our readers will recall—for the translation appeared in the DUBLIN—describes the ascent of Monte Rosa (Dufourspitze) from Macugnaga and the first crossing of the Zumsteinsattel or Colle Zumstein—an expedition belonging in every respect to higher flights of mountaineering, and

^{*} *Pius XI.* By Cardinal Gasquet. (Daniel O'Connor.)

Climbs on Alpine Peaks. By Abate Achille Ratti. With an Introduction by the Bishop of Salford. (Fisher Unwin.)

The Pope's Mountaineering

the successful accomplishment of which proclaims his Holiness to be not only an enthusiast, but a mountaineer of a high level of proficiency. Those who have wandered up the Val Anzasca from Piedimulera to Macugnaga, or better still have crossed the Monte Moro Pass (9,390 ft.) from Saas, or ascended the Pizzo Bianco (10,352 ft.), and thence gazed on the magnificent precipitous east face of Monte Rosa, have seen one of the grandest sights which can be found in the whole of the Alps. Above 8,000 ft. of what appears to be sheer precipice, four of the highest summits of the great mountain group can be made out. These are, taking them from right to left: the Nord End (15,132 ft.), the Dufourspitze (15,217 ft.), the Zumsteinspitze (15,004 ft.), and the Signal-Kuppe or Punta Gnifetti (14,965 ft.). The highest point of the Dufourspitze is not actually seen from any of the view-points on the Italian side. It lies off the frontier ridge, and is wholly in Switzerland. The rocky point seen next the Nord End is the Grenz-gipfel (15,194 ft.). Between the Nord End and the Dufourspitze is a pass known as the Silbersattel, while the Colle Zumstein, the pass first crossed by His Holiness, lies between the Dufourspitze and the Zumsteinspitze.

From the Silbersattel descends a broad couloir of snow and ice, called the Marinelli couloir after a distinguished Italian climber who was killed by an avalanche in its neighbourhood while attempting the ascent of the Dufourspitze in 1881. This couloir must be crossed on the ascent of the Dufourspitze, and during the heat of the day it is the path of frequent avalanches. The two great ascents from this side are those of the Dufourspitze and Nord End, both of which rank among the longest and the most difficult in the Alps. The east face of Monte Rosa, in fact, affords the grandest ascents to be found in the Alps, except those on the south and south-east faces of Mont Blanc; the ascent of the Dufourspitze and Nord End from the Macugnaga side were problems which long baffled the ambition of Alpine explorers.

The Dufourspitze was first ascended on July 23rd,

The Pope's Mountaineering

1872, by a party consisting of Messrs. W. M. and R. Pendlebury and the Rev. C. Taylor, with the guides Gabriel Spechtenhauser, Ferdinand Imseng and Giovanni Oberto, and the Nord End in July, 1876, by Signor Luigi Brioschi with the guides Ferdinand and Abram Imseng. These ascents have gained an undeservedly evil reputation for danger among the ultra-cautious school of English mountaineers succeeding the first explorers, whose views are voiced by the Editor of Ball's *Western Alps* (revised edition, 1898), p. 505, who writes in the following exaggerated language: "It cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of our readers that this side of the mountain, though offering no serious climbing difficulties, is extremely dangerous by reason of avalanches which fall continuously. Those who undertake this route should, therefore, consider themselves favoured by great good luck should they meet with no misfortune." . . . "None of these expeditions can be recommended to mountaineers who consider that their craft is based on something more than exposure to inevitable and unavoidable danger."

As a consequence, probably, of the prevalence of these cautious opinions, frequently expressed in print, the east face of Monte Rosa was for many years abandoned by English climbers, though several ascents were made by Italian and German parties. At last the spell was broken in 1898, when Captain J. P. Farrar ascended the Nord End, and on the same day traversed to the Dufourspitze. The latter peak, however, was not again ascended from Macugnaga by an English party until the fine guideless expedition of Messrs. Raeburn and Ling, in August, 1909. Due caution is doubtless a necessary attribute of successful mountaineering expeditions, but the total abandonment of difficult and arduous ascents is contrary to that spirit of adventure which encouraged the first explorers and has helped the inhabitants of these islands to gain their place in the world. These climbs are not for beginners, but the experienced mountaineer, who is no baby, must be allowed to measure for himself the risk of an expedition against his own powers.

The Pope's Mountaineering

Noscenda est mensura sui, spectandaque rebus
In summis minimisque.

We are glad, therefore, that more recently English climbers have again taken a ply towards more adventurous methods, and glad also to claim Pius XI as a valiant exponent of our views. The truth is that given settled weather, fair conditions and a strong and experienced party in good training, these expeditions present no undue risks and deserve to be often repeated. Three accidents have contributed to the reputation of danger alluded to above.

Signor Danieli Marinelli, with the guides Ferdinand Imseng (who also accompanied Messrs. Pendlebury's expedition when they made the first ascent) and Battista Pedranzini and a porter, attempted the climb on August 8th, 1881, and the following account of the accident which occurred is taken from a letter to *The Times* from the Rev. F. T. Wethered:

Signor Marinelli, with his two guides and a porter, left this hotel at a little before 10 on Monday morning, the 8th inst. They ascended from the direction of the Belvedere, straight up the Jager Rucki, which forms the proper right bank of the Rieghl glacier, and thence crossed the snow couloir which descends from the Nord End of Monte Rosa. This was passed with difficulty, and the rocks on the south side of the couloir (immediately under the summit of the mountain) were gained. The party was about half-an-hour from the place on the rocks upon which they proposed to spend the night, when the porter (who alone survives) states that one of the party exclaimed, "Avalanche!" and that, directly after, Imseng was overturned by the force of the approaching mass, consisting of snow, rock and ice. The other two were also carried down. The rocks on which they were climbing were not difficult, and the party was unroped. The porter had just before stopped to drink water, and was, consequently, some ten or fifteen paces behind the others. To this circumstance he owes his life."

On July 18th, 1885, the famous Tyrolese guide, Christian Rangetiner of Kals, attempting the ascent with Herr Johann Strauss, was hit by a large stone falling from

The Pope's Mountaineering

above, while engaged in cutting steps at the *bergschrund* close below the highest rocks, and had his left arm and two ribs broken. He descended with great difficulty and danger, and recovered from his injuries; he was killed with his whole party on the Gross Glockner in the following year, through the fall of a cornice. Then, on August 16th, 1909, Signori A. Castelnuovo, G. Bompadre and P. Sommaruga were lost in attempting the ascent of the Nord End from a bivouac about two hours above the Marinelli hut. That they ascended to a considerable height was proved by effects belonging to the ill-fated party, some of which were found by a search party shortly after the accident, and others by an English party which made the ascent in 1911. They were caught in a severe storm, and were probably forced to bivouac a second time, succumbing to the violent weather. The bodies have never been found.

It is evident that the accident to Signor Marinelli's party was due to sheer neglect of the most ordinary precautions. In attempting to reach a bivouac higher than the usual one (the Marinelli hut was not then built), the party crossed the couloir and under the *séracs* at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, a time when the sun was shining full on the east face of the mountain, and when avalanches were therefore most likely to fall. The accident to Rangetiner seems to be pure mischance, and might have happened on almost any climb, while the destruction of Signor Castelnuovo's party was due to attempting this great ascent in unsettled weather.

Altogether the Dufourspitze has been done about twenty times (including two descents) and the Nord End has perhaps been ascended fourteen times. The start for the ascent of the Dufourspitze is made from the Cabane Marinelli about 5½ hours from Macugnaga, superbly situated on the Jagerruchen on the left of the Marinelli couloir and close to it. The couloir is crossed on to the Insengruchen, an irregular mass of rocks on its right bank, which are then ascended as far as they go. After leaving the rocks the way lies up the steep snow and ice

The Pope's Mountaineering

slopes and through the *séracs*, of the upper part of the Monte Rosa glacier to the *bergschrund*. Then after crossing the *bergschrund* up a very steep snow slope and on to and up the steep rocks which lead to the top of the Grenz-gipfel, whence the highest point is reached by a narrow rock ridge.

The ascent by His Holiness was made on July 30th to 31st, 1889, the party consisting of himself and Signor Luigi Grasselli, with the guides Joseph Gadin and Alessio Proment. They spent the night in the Marinelli hut, which they left next morning apparently at about half-past one. They experienced unusual difficulty in crossing the couloir, as it took them more than an hour and a half. (Messrs. Raeburn and Ling, experienced mountaineers without guides, on August 3rd, 1909, crossed in thirteen minutes, having made steps over night.) After a halt on reaching the Imsengruchen the party climbed up those rocks where they again met with unusual difficulties and then up the glacier, with much step-cutting till they reached the *bergschrund* below the upper rocks at one o'clock p.m., after nearly twelve hours' going. After another halt they surmounted the *bergschrund*, and scaled with great difficulty the steep snow slopes above the *bergschrund* leading to the upper rocks. Here the snow was very soft, and His Holiness describes the party as "rolling along" rather than walking. At last they reached the rocks not apparently at their lowest point, but immediately above the Imsengruchen. Here Signor Grasselli had the misfortune to lose his ice-axe. The top of the Grenz-gipfel (referred to as the Ostspitze in the account) was reached at 7.30 p.m., too late to attempt the descent by any route the same evening. The party therefore descended about 100 feet to a rocky ledge upon which they were obliged to pass the night at a height of about 15,000 ft. In spite of the great discomfort which he must have felt from the cold at this great height and from lack of provisions—everything was frozen, except chocolate and Kirsch—His Holiness was able to enjoy the glorious panorama lighted by moonlight which spread

The Pope's Mountaineering

before him, and of which he gives a graphic and poetical account.

At about five o'clock next morning the party abandoned its perch and took about an hour to reach the top of the Grenz-gipfel, whence they went along the ridge to the Dufourspitze, reached at 8.20 a.m. Apparently some of their belongings had been left at the bivouac whither they returned, and then descended the rocks on the Italian side to about the height of the Colle Zumstein in the hope of recovering Signor Grasselli's ice-axe. This quest was unsuccessful, so the party passed on to the Colle Zumstein, whence they descended on the Swiss side by the steep wall of snow and rocks leading to the Grenz glacier. Crossing the Gorner glacier at nightfall, they missed the path to the Riffel, and were obliged to spend another night *sub divo* just below the path they were seeking.

The successful termination of this expedition proclaims His Holiness and Signor Grasselli to be men of great courage and powers of endurance. A night spent in the open air at 15,000 feet, especially after eighteen hours of hard climbing, is no joke for the best and strongest, and the energy of the party in returning to search for the lost ice-axe, instead of taking the easy descent of the Dufourspitze by the ordinary route, is really surprising. They were rewarded by making the first traverse of the Colle Zumstein, but it is evident from the account that this was an accident and was only accomplished as the least arduous way out of the difficulties which encompassed the party after the unsuccessful search for the ice-axe. We like this expedition and the manner of its accomplishment, and we do not like it the less because it breaks many of the rules which certain old gentlemen, well known to frequenters of the Hotel Monte Rosa in Zermatt, and alas! our countrymen, seek to impose on the Alpine fraternity, and which are preached to aspiring beginners. In their hands the spirit of enterprise and freedom has been in danger of being crushed out of existence, and mountaineering of losing all its charm to the young and adventurous novice. These have never

The Pope's Mountaineering

known the hardships and the delights of a great and arduous expedition ; yet in their ignorance they are at pains to stigmatize those of a less craven spirit as unworthy of the company of true mountaineers, and have even been known to blackball them for the Alpine Club.

Let us choose rather the Pope's sound advice to the tyro—he is too modest to advise the experienced mountaineer: "Mountaineering proper is entirely a question of prudence and of a little courage, of strength and steadiness, of a feeling for nature and her most hidden beauties, which are often awe-inspiring and for that reason the more sublime and the more suggestive to a contemplative spirit."

EDMUND OLIVER.

EGYPT AND ISRAEL IN THE DAYS OF TUTANK- HAMON

PUBLIC interest in Egyptology has been aroused by the discoveries in the Valley of the Kings. Since the first announcement of the finding of the tomb of Tutankhamon, the Press of the world has teemed with discussions on Ancient Egypt, and many suggestions have been made, even by well-known Egyptologists, of the possibility of ascertaining from the new tomb something sensational about the relations between Israel and Egypt at the close of the Eighteenth Dynasty. Now, when the still unexplored chambers of the tomb are again hidden away, and when the character of the hitherto discovered contents of the tomb is gradually helping to check foolish expectations and to discountenance wild hypotheses, it may be useful to review briefly what is really known, and what may be reasonably conjectured concerning Egypt and Israel and their relations towards each other, at that time. To make clear the general situation in Egypt about 1350 B.C. (the date of Tutankhamon) it will be necessary to trace in outline the history of the Eighteenth Dynasty, and to discuss briefly the foreign relations of Egypt during the government of that dynasty.

The period which intervened between the end of the Twelfth Egyptian Dynasty (about 1800 B.C.) and the beginning of the Eighteenth Dynasty (soon after 1600 B.C.) is known usually as the "Second Intermediate Period" of Egyptian history. It was, like the "First Intermediate Period" (from the Sixth to the Eleventh Dynasty), a time of great political weakness in Egypt. The unity of the Two Lands, which had been restored and upheld by the strong Pharaohs of the Twelfth Dynasty, was broken by internal dissension, and Egypt, chaotic and helpless, lay an easy prey for any bold invader that might come from south or north. From early Egyptian texts

The Days of Tutankhamon

it is well known that throughout the first intermediate period Egypt was constantly visited by nomad clans coming over the eastern Delta frontier from Syria and Palestine. Sometimes those clans came simply to seek pasture for their flocks in the Delta: sometimes their arrival in Egypt was due primarily to movements of peoples in Anatolia and Mesopotamia which disturbed the ordinary equilibrium of the various races and peoples that dwelt in Syria and Canaan. A great disturbance or displacement of this kind was caused by the arrival of (apparently) Indo-European peoples on the borders of Babylonia and Mesopotamia about 2000 B.C., and the sojourn of Abraham in Egypt about that time may not be out of all relation to what was happening in the distant north. During the Twelfth Dynasty the eastern frontier of the Delta was strongly guarded, and the entrance of Semites into Egypt carefully controlled. With the disappearance of that dynasty the defence of the Eastern Delta was neglected, and the nomads of Canaan and elsewhere entered in large numbers, and practically unhindered, into the pastures of the Delta. They did not come, apparently, as an invading army, but in small groups and clans that sought a new home for themselves, or new feeding-lands for their cattle. At the head of each group came a leader who, in old-time Egyptian fashion, was called *Hik-khasut*, "Prince of the foreign lands"—a title which admittedly underlies Manetho's designation of these foreign settlers as "Hyksos."* Later Egyptian tradition was wont to regard the Hyksos period as the darkest in Egyptian history, and to describe the Hyksos as ruthless vandals whose aim was the destruction of the Egyptian people and the extinction of their civilization. In truth, however, the stranger peoples who settled at this time in the Delta entered without violence and seem to have accommodated themselves with oriental facility to Egyptian customs.

It was more or less inevitable that, strongly reinforced

* Manetho himself, of course, explains "Hyksos" as Shepherd Kings, taking *sos* as = the Egyptian *Shosu*, "nomads."

Egypt and Israel in the

as the Hyksos must have been by constant new arrivals over the Delta border, they should eventually become a political power of serious importance. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that after some time—how long cannot be precisely determined—Hyksos chiefs appear with all the pomp and circumstance of Egyptian Pharaohs. Though some sort of native Egyptian dynasts maintained a shadowy dignity all this time in Thebes, it is certain that Hyksos rulers controlled for a period the fortunes of Lower Egypt, and it is also practically certain that even Upper Egypt was for a short time subject to their sway.

It is now generally admitted that the Semitic element was predominant among the Hyksos. Though some scholars have been inclined to look on the Hyksos as chiefly Hittite, the inscriptions which the Hyksos have left on their monuments and scarabs contain so many proper names of Semitic character that the predominance of the Semite among the Hyksos may be reasonably admitted.* From the peninsula of Sinai, from Canaan, and from Syria the Semitic Hyksos must have come. A Semitic clan like the family of Jacob arriving in Egypt in the days of the Hyksos would easily have found comparatively close kinsmen among the Hyksos of the Delta, and an able Semite, like Joseph the son of Jacob, would have met in the Egypt of the Hyksos no insuperable barrier to advancement. But it is safe to assume that the Hyksos included non-Semitic elements also—including Hittites, and men of all the motley races that moved through the Near East between 1800 and 1600 B.C. And that was indeed a time of movement. About 1900 B.C. the First Dynasty of Babylon, the Dynasty of Hammurapi, was overthrown by the Hittites. Somewhat later the Dynasty of the Sea Land was replaced in Babylon by the Kassites, who were either themselves Indo-Europeans, or had been

* The scholarly work of Father Alexis Mallon, *Les Hébreux en Egypte* (Rome, Biblical Institute, 1921), should be consulted on this and on the various other points connected with the problem of the Exodus. It will be found, however, that this paper does not accept some of the more important conclusions of Father Mallon's study—particularly that which refers to the date of the Exodus.

Days of Tutankhamon

pushed forward from the Elamite country by a wave of Indo-European invasion from the east; and for more than five centuries these maintained themselves as rulers in Babylon. The Kassite conquest of Babylon took place about 1746 B.C., and it is not unwise to conjecture that that conquest and the contemporary developments of Hittite power further west contributed not a little to the Hyksos occupation of the Delta. It was the Kassites who first used the horse and the battle-chariot in Near Eastern warfare, and it is certain that the Hyksos were the first to bring the horse into Egypt. The native Egyptian forces of the pre-Hyksos period knew nothing of this instrument of war, and it is possible that the peaceful occupation of Northern Egypt by the Hyksos may have been greatly helped by their possession of a hitherto unknown weapon of war. The Kassite occupation of Babylonia could not fail, moreover, to displace large groups of peoples like the Arameans and Canaanites who lived on the borders of the Syrian desert and westwards in Palestine.

How long the Hyksos domination in Egypt lasted is not exactly known: it was certainly more than a century, but probably not quite two centuries. It was brought to an end by a determined movement of revolt begun by native Egyptian princes in Thebes. The details of the revolt are not known. A Theban prince named Ahmose captured the Hyksos Delta capital, Avaris, and drove the Hyksos back across the frontier into Palestine. This was about 1580 B.C. The war of liberation was continued by the Pharaohs who followed Ahmose, until it became a war of aggression and expansion. In the time of the great warrior-king Thutmose the Third (about 1501-1447 B.C.). Egyptian power was solidly established throughout Palestine and Syria, and on to the Euphrates. With the establishment of Egyptian power in Asia Egyptian Imperialism began, and, in spite of the naturally unwarlike disposition of the Egyptian people, the material advantages of an imperial system were quickly realized and exploited by the dwellers of the Two Lands. Thebes,

Egypt and Israel in the

the cradle of the Eighteenth Dynasty, became the centre of an empire which extended from the Sudan to the Euphrates, and into that centre all the wealth of the huge Egyptian Empire poured. Amon, the god of Thebes and patron of the empire, received such honour as no god had ever received before. His temples were multiplied and his priests waxed wealthy almost beyond their ambitions. The reigns of Thutmose the Third, Amenhotep the Second, Thutmose the Fourth, and Amenhotep the Third are the Golden Age of Egyptian history. With the new imperialism there entered into Egypt a sort of internationalism. The arts and crafts of every eastern nation drifted into the land, and the customs and speech of subject peoples were aped by those Egyptians who wished to appear up to date. Above all, Semitic ways were copied; Semitic words passed in great numbers into the vocabulary of Egypt, and Semitic slaves were eagerly sought after by Egyptian magnates. It was a time when any remnants of Hyksos Semites who might have remained in Egypt after the victories of Ahmose would be likely to be popular. With the reign of Amenhotep the Third (1411-1375 B.C.) we reach the highest point of material development in the Eighteenth Dynasty. He seems to have desired to perpetuate the imperial greatness of Egypt less by great military successes than by the construction of magnificent public monuments. We see him in close contact with all the great peoples of the Near East, and we find him taking a wife from the royal house of the Anatolian Hittites. But with the death of Amenhotep the Third an immense change passes over the face of Egypt. His son and successor, Amenhotep the Fourth, was neither a politician nor a warrior. He was more interested in religion, art, and philosophy than he was in statecraft or imperialism, and from the beginning of his reign a process of disintegration set in in the Egyptian Empire. The political situation in the reign of Amenhotep the Fourth has been made known to us in detail by one of the most extraordinary, and certainly one of the most unlooked-for, finds in oriental archæology. In

Days of Tutankhamon

1887 was discovered a considerable portion of what must have been the archives of the Foreign Offices of the third and the fourth Amenhotep—but chiefly of the latter. This was a large collection of documents in cuneiform script, and, almost exclusively, Babylonian language, which proved to consist in large part of official communications received by Amenhotep the Fourth from his vassals, the local kinglets and other rulers who represented Egyptian authority in Palestine. The collection also contained letters from Babylonian, Mittanian, and Hittite princes. The documents were an astounding revelation of the intimate association of oriental peoples in the Fourteenth Century B.C., and of the comparative uniformity of culture throughout the ancient Near East, as shown by the general use of Babylonian script and language as a medium of diplomatic intercourse. These El Amarna letters (as they are called from the name of the place where they were found) depict very vividly the gradual break-up of Egyptian power in Palestine. Several of the letters are addressed by the governor of Jerusalem to the Pharaoh, and it is interesting to note that the name of this governor means “Servant of *Khîpa*”—the god *Khîpa* being a well-known member of the Hittite Pantheon. It is peculiarly interesting also, as will be presently explained, that the disintegrating forces against which Abdi-*Khîpa* (so we read, not knowing as yet for certain the Hittite word corresponding to the Semitic *Abdi*, “Servant”) complains to the Pharaoh, are called *Khabîru*. From the letters, then, we learn that the *Khabîru* are attacking the districts of southern Palestine, and that other similar groups of hostile peoples or clans are attacking the vassals of Pharaoh in the north. But, while his enemies are gradually destroying his Asiatic Empire, Amenhotep thinks only about religious, philosophic, and artistic reforms. Wearying, for reasons which can be only conjectured, of the cult of the Theban god Amon, and of the wealth and arrogance of Amon’s priests at Thebes, Amenhotep decided to abandon Thebes and to build a new capital. At a place now known as El

Egypt and Israel in the

Amarna he built the new centre of empire, and declared war on the cult of Amon. Instead of the worship of Amon he established, apparently under the influence, to some extent at least, of the ancient solar theology of Heliopolis, the worship of the solar disk as it appears in the skies, discarding the ancient anthropomorphic symbolism and the hawk-symbolism of the solar deity Re-Horus. The new solar deity he called *Aton*. His own name he changed from Amenhotep, "Amon is pleased," to Akhnaton, "Aton is pleased," and his new city he called *Ekhet-Aton*, "Shining Hill of Aton." With the worship of the new divinity there entered, it would seem, a spirit of un-oriental candour and simplicity into the life of the court and the art of the city. Akhnaton, influenced mainly, no doubt, by his own peculiar temperament, but moved also by influences from abroad (for instance, by Mycenæan art-products), inaugurated a strong movement of realism in Egyptian art of which some very striking specimens have survived to our time. But it is in his theology, in the peculiar simplicity, directness, and exclusiveness of his worship of the sun-disk, Aton, that Akhnaton has left us his most remarkable monuments. The walls of his Aton-temple at Ekhet-Aton and of the tombs which he caused to be constructed for his favourites in the rocky hills that bordered the crescent within which El Amarna stood, have preserved for us portions of a wonderful hymn to Aton which obviously give expression to the devotion and philosophy of Akhnaton, and reveal him to us as one of the most fervent and philosophic writers of religious poetry in the ancient oriental world. We shall return to this Aton-hymn again.

The worship of Aton was never really popular. It was in opposition to the ordinary tendencies of Egyptian thought, and it seems, in particular, to have threatened to obscure, or even to exclude, some of the most fundamental of the traditional beliefs relating to the fate of the dead. Hence with the death of Akhnaton the cult of Amon tended to re-assert itself. Amon had been the god of Egyptian Imperialism. Aton had, as things went,

Days of Tutankhamon

proved to be the god of its downfall. The priests of Amon were still wealthy and powerful, and the nobles who had followed Akhnaton from Thebes to Amarna began to drift back to their former home when Akhnaton died. For a few months after the Pharaoh's death one of his sons-in-law, who perhaps had been for some time co-regent, held the throne, and continued to live at Ekhet-Aton. He was followed by another of Akhnaton's sons-in-law. This man's name was Tutankhaton, "the living image of Aton." It is difficult to decide how long this ruler stayed at Ekhet-Aton. It is clear, however, that his zeal for Aton-worship did not long persist. Circumstances were, perhaps, too strong for him, and the popular demand for the restoration of Amon-cult was becoming, no doubt, steadily more urgent. A tablet in the Berlin Museum shows Tutankhaton (still so named) offering homage to Amon of Thebes. As Amenhotep the Fourth had changed his name to Akhnaton, so we find that, as a further step in his return to Amonism, Tutankhaton soon changed his name to Tutankhamon, "Living Image of Amon." The change of name implies, probably, a practically complete break with the reform of Akhnaton, and indeed, in some texts of Tutankhamon, which have long been familiar, Akhnaton is spoken of as an enemy of Egypt and of its gods, and the downfall of Egyptian power in Asia is ascribed to the impotent futility of his government. There is evidence that Tutankhamon reigned at least six years, but the exact length of his reign has not yet been determined. The magnificence of the furniture found in his tomb has been regarded by some scholars as a sort of gesture of restored Amonism—showing, as it were, the vitality of the worship which all the persecutions of Akhnaton had failed to destroy.

With the close of the Eighteenth Dynasty the power of Egypt in Asia had well nigh disappeared. Attempts were made to restore it in some measure by the Pharaohs of the Nineteenth Dynasty. Yet though some of the Asiatic campaigns of the Pharaohs of the Nineteenth Dynasty were elaborately equipped, and more or less

Egypt and Israel in the

successfully carried out, they were, on the whole, rather long distance defensive actions to protect the real frontiers of Egypt from invasion, than offensives to extend and consolidate an Asiatic Empire. The battles of Ramses the Second (1292-1225 B.C.), the greatest of these Pharaohs, were fought rather against the Philistines and other peoples whom the dissolution of the Cretan sea-empire had sent adrift, and against the encroachments of the Hittites, than against the dwellers in Canaan. Thus the march of his armies northwards to the Orontes, which his annals record, may have left largely unaffected the inhabitants of the highland districts of Palestine.

In this brief sketch of the history of the Egyptian Empire of the Fifteenth and Fourteenth Centuries nothing has been said directly of the Biblical story of the sons of Jacob. Yet a glance at the Biblical records will show that the Hebrews must have played some part in the events of Egyptian history throughout the Eighteenth Dynasty.

In 3 Kings vi. 1, we are told that the building of the Temple was begun in the fourth year of Solomon's reign, 480 years after the Exodus. It can be readily established from known synchronisms of Hebrew and Assyrian history that the fourth year of Solomon's reign was about 966 B.C. Calculations based on synchronisms between Hebrew and Phœnician history give us the year 968 as the fourth of Solomon's reign.* Working with this latter figure we see that, for the writer of 3 Kings vi. 1, the date of the Exodus was about 1448 B.C. If we take into account the chronological scheme of the Book of Judges we shall have to admit that four centuries would be a reasonable interval for the events of the Exodus, the conquest of Palestine, and the period of the Judges. There is a striking text in Judges which states, so incidentally that it cannot be due to any discoverable schematism, that the Israelites were in Gilead for three hundred years before the time of Jephthē.†

* See Father Kugler's *Von Moses bis Paulus* (Muenster, 1922), pp. 172-9, for a full discussion of the chronological points here involved.

† See Judges xi. 26.

Days of Tutankhamon

Taking the Biblical narrative as a whole it is clear that Hebrew tradition demanded a long interval—probably at least four centuries—between the Exodus and the foundation of the Hebrew Monarchy. The year 1448 B.C. appears in Breasted* as the first year of the reign of Amenhotep the Second, and if that year were to be accepted as the date of the Exodus, we should have to place that event immediately after the death of the great imperialist conqueror, Thutmose the Third. It is more likely, as we shall see, that it is to be dated somewhat later, somewhere about 1400. Returning again to the Biblical narrative we learn from Exodus xii. 40, that the entry of Jacob into Egypt took place 430 years before the Exodus.† Thus we get back to the period slightly preceding 1700 B.C. as the beginning of the Hebrew sojourn in Egypt. The entry of Jacob and his sons into Egypt is thus obviously brought into connection with the Hyksos occupation. Jacob himself, as head of a clan, would be styled *Hik-khasut*, or “Hyksos,” and his family was practically certain to find in the Delta Semites standing in fairly close relations to themselves. Most modern critics who accept the substantial accuracy of the Biblical narrative admit that the family of Jacob entered Egypt in the Hyksos period, and they are willing to agree that the rise to power of the Semite Joseph is perfectly thinkable as an event of the Hyksos rule in Egypt. On the other hand, however, it is certain from Egyptian sources that the Hyksos rule in the Delta was overthrown about 1580 B.C. How, then, can it be supposed, if the Hebrews were closely associated with the Hyksos, that the Hebrews did not leave Egypt for a century after the expulsion of the Hyksos? Perhaps the best answer to this difficulty is to suggest that Egyptian sources do not compel us to hold that Ahmose cleared Egypt utterly of Hyksos elements. It is possible, and, in view of the Bible, likely,

* The dates of Egyptian history given in Breasted's *History of Egypt* (London, 1906), have been followed for the most part in this paper.

† The Septuagint text of this passage makes the 430 years cover both the length of the sojourn in Egypt and of the Patriarchal wanderings in Palestine. (Cf. Gal. iii. 17; Acts vii. 6.)

Egypt and Israel in the

that the Jacobite clan did not join the other Hyksos in armed opposition to the Theban prince. It would thus have earned a certain amount of toleration at the hands of the victorious Thebans. But, though we can readily enough assume that Jacob's family escaped the worst consequences of the Hyksos defeat by its attitude of neutrality, it is not easily thinkable that the family could continue to be as prosperous under the Thebans as it had been under the Hyksos. The expulsion of the Semitic Hyksos would inevitably involve a change in the fortunes of such remnants of the strangers as were allowed to remain in Egypt. At this point, then, we must put the beginning of that oppression of the Hebrews which the Bible describes. It is quite incorrect to speak of *the* Pharaoh of the oppression. It is clear that the Pharaonic oppression of Israel was not carried out by a single Pharaoh merely.* The Biblical narrative implies at least three stages in the oppression, of which one certainly lasted more than eighty years. The first of these was the imposition of difficult tasks, such as the building of the store-cities, on the Hebrews (Exod. i. 11-12). The second phase of the oppression was the attempted destruction of the male children (Exod. i. 22). After the return of Moses from Sinai there began a third period during which the harsh treatment of the first phase of oppression was renewed (Exod. v. 6-23). The third period did not last long, but the second was of considerable length, beginning as it did before the birth of Moses, and continuing apparently during his early life in Egypt and his sojourn in Midian (i.e., eighty years—Exod. vii. 7). It is probable that we must regard the first period as also of long duration. The building of two store-cities could not be completed in a short time. If we make the first period as long as the second, it will follow that the whole time of persecution lasted at least a century and a half—possibly even two centuries. Obviously, then, no single

* In view of what was said above about the Semitizing tendencies of the central imperialistic period, we must suppose that the oppression was intermittent.

Days of Tutankhamon

Pharaoh can be regarded as *the* Pharaoh of the oppression. If, as suggested above, the change in the fortunes of the Hebrews in Egypt began with the expulsion of the Hyksos by Ahmose between 1600 and 1580, we are brought by this consideration of the phases of the oppression to a date near 1400 for the Exodus. It is practically useless to try to identify the Pharaoh of the Exodus by means of the data at our disposal. It is tempting, however, to think of Amenhotep the Third (1411-1375) in that rôle. His extraordinary building activity would recall the first stage of the oppression.* Besides, if the Hebrews left Egypt in the reign of this Amenhotep, there would arise at once the interesting possibility that the *Khabiru* of Abdi-Khipa's letters include the Israelites, and that the letters of Abdi-Khipa present us from the side of the invaded with a picture of portion of the conquest which the Book of Joshua describes from the point of view of the invader. The equation of *Khabiru* and "Hebrew" presents no linguistic difficulties. Neither is it of great consequence against the, at least, partial identification of *Khabiru* and Hebrew that the Palestinian situation, as described in the Biblical story, seems to differ in detail from the Palestinian situation as implied in the El Amarna letters. There is no need to hold that the *Khabiru* and Hebrews are co-extensive. The conquest under Joshua could well be regarded as the completion of the work begun by the *Khabiru* of Abdi-Khipa. It is of the first importance to note that while the El Amarna letters ascribe the disintegration of South Palestine to the *Khabiru*, the trouble in the north is put by the letters mainly at the door of a people called by the Sumerian name *Sa-Gaz*.† It is now known for certain‡ that the *Sa-Gaz* and *Khabiru* are to some extent, if not completely, identical. Since we can hardly suppose that the northern and southern

* The date of the beginning of the *Khabiru* attack on Palestine is not known. It may have begun even before the reign of Amenhotep III.

† Amorite, Mitannian, Hittite and other disintegrating forces (including the Aramean *Sutu*) also appear in the letters as attacking Egyptian power in Palestine.

‡ From the recently discovered texts of Boghaz-Keui.

Egypt and Israel in the

groups of Khabiru included the Hebrews, we are left with the probability that the Hebrews are either a portion of the Khabiru of the Amarna letters, or that the family of Jacob belonged to the general racial group called Khabiru. The *Sa-Gaz*, or Khabiru, appear in history as early as the time of King Naram-Sin of Babylon (about 2750 B.C.)—as we know from an ancient Babylonian text that has been discovered in a Hittite version among the documents of Boghaz-Keui. The Sumerian name *Sa-Gaz* seems to mean something like “slingers”: it would be a suitable designation for a nomad people that had gained a reputation for a skill like that of David in the defence of their flocks. The “slingers” played, it would seem, a fairly important rôle as mercenary soldiers in ancient Babylonia, and it is, therefore, not surprising to find them so successfully active in the overthrow of Egyptian power in Palestine about 1400 B.C. But how are we to connect the “slingers,” the mercenaries of ancient Mesopotamia, with the family of Jacob?

The solution of this problem is to be sought in the Aramean origin of the clan of Jacob. Jacob is definitely described as an Aramean in Deut. xxvi. 5. So, too, we see him faring away to seek a wife among the Aramean families of Paddan-Aram, and finding a home and spouses in the house of Laban, who is called “the son of Bethuel the Aramean, the brother of Rebecca” (Gen. xxviii. 5). Thus both on the mother’s and the father’s side (Gen. xiv. 13) Jacob was an Aramean, and his wives were of the same race. It has been conjectured with good reason that the *Sa-Gaz* of the ancient texts were of the same race as the nomad Arameans whose home is known to have been chiefly the desert border-land of Babylonia. The very name “Khabiru” may mean “nomad,” so that both *Sa-Gaz* (“slingers”) and “Hebrews” (“nomads”) might be epithets given to the Aramean nomads by the inhabitants of the Land of the Two Rivers.* Starting from the assumption, then, that the Hebrews and Khabiru

* Manetho’s explanation of Hyksos as Shepherd (or “Nomad”) Kings is therefore accurate in substance, though linguistically inexact.

Days of Tutankhamon

are of the same Aramean stock, we can find an intelligible explanation of the situation implied in the Amarna letters, and possibly also of the connection of the Exodus with that situation. The El Amarna letters obviously imply that an attack of Aramean clans on the Egyptian kingdom in Asia, north and south, was being vigorously pushed about 1370 B.C. The immediate occasion of this attack is not known, but it may be conjectured that it was due to the displacement of the peoples of Syria and Mitanni resulting from the downward pressure of the above-mentioned Indo-European elements which had been arriving in Mesopotamia and Babylonia from west and east between 1950 and 1750 B.C. Now if it was realized in Egypt, as it must have been, that the Aramean attackers of Palestine were of the same race as the Hyksos-Hebrews who had survived the defeat of the Hyksos in the Delta, it is obvious that the official attitude of the Egyptian Government towards the Hebrews in the Delta would become harshly unfriendly, and it is clear also that it would become very important for the military authorities in Egypt to prevent at all costs an exodus of the Hebrew elements, lest they might unite with the anti-Egyptian forces in Palestine.

That Israel had left Egypt before the Nineteenth Dynasty (1350 B.C.), or at least before the reign of Merneptah (about 1225-1215 B.C.), appears from the so-called Israel-Stela found by Petrie in 1896. This stela bears an inscription which celebrates a victory of Merneptah over the Libyans in the fifth year of his reign. In the final strophe of the hymn of victory Merneptah sketches the course of a successful campaign which had proceeded, apparently from the Philistine coast across Palestine as far as Yenoam at the southern end of Mount Lebanon. After the reference to Yenoam we read,

Israel is desolated, his seed is not :

Palestine has become a widow for Egypt.*

This is the oldest reference to Israel in Egyptian texts.

* The translation is that of Breasted. See Breasted, *Ancient Records of Egypt*, III, pp. 256 ff.

Egypt and Israel in the

There can be little doubt that it implies the presence in Palestine in the fifth year of Merneptah of the sons of Israel, and since the foray of Merneptah here recorded must, according to the context, have passed through the heart of what we know as Israelite territory in Canaan, it is reasonable to assume that Israel had been already for a considerable time prior to this campaign in occupation of that territory. This fits in well with the supposition that the Exodus occurred before the close of the Eighteenth Dynasty. The mention of Israel as one of the Canaanite peoples over whom Merneptah triumphed becomes practically unintelligible if the Exodus took place in the reign of Merneptah's immediate predecessor, Ramses the Second, and still more so if it is maintained that Merneptah was himself the Pharaoh of the Exodus. Yet the most popular theory among critics and exegetes has always identified Ramses the Second (1292-1225 B.C.) with the so-called Pharaoh of the oppression, and Merneptah with the Pharaoh of the Exodus. This is still the usually received opinion. It is based chiefly on two grounds: it is maintained, in the first place, that the store-cities which the oppressed Israelites were compelled to build, the cities of Raamses and Pithom (recently identified by Gardiner with Avaris, which Gardiner has shown to be the site of the later Pelusium, and Tell er Retabi (or Tell Artabi), respectively)* can be shown to have been constructed by Ramses the Second: it is further maintained that the scene of the whole Exodus narrative is laid in the Delta, and must, therefore, imply the period of the Nineteenth Dynasty during which the Pharaohs, particularly Ramses the Second, frequently possessed a royal residence in the Delta. It is known for certain that Ramses the Second made *Pi-Ramses*, i.e., the House of Ramses (the Avaris of the Hyksos, the Ramses of Exodus, and the Pelusium of later periods), a city of considerable magnificence.

Against this view it can be urged in general that it throws aside completely the chronology of Judges and

* See Gardiner's articles on Delta geography in the *Journal of Egyptian Archaeology*, 1919.

Days of Tutankhamon

Kings, leaving, as it does, far too short an interval between the Exodus and the establishment of the Israelite monarchy. Besides, if Israel did not leave Egypt until the reign of Merneptah, we should be forced to admit, on the Hyksos-Hebrew hypothesis above supported, that the Hebrew sojourn in Egypt lasted from about 1700 until about 1220 B.C.—an incredibly long time. Moreover, it would be difficult to suggest a reason why Ramses should have suddenly decided to oppress a clan that had lived for about 500 years peaceably in Egyptian territory. And, as was pointed out above, since the long reign of Ramses the Second could not have covered the whole time of oppression, it might have to be admitted that the store-cities were, in reality, built before the time of Ramses the Second. The inscriptions and other evidences which connect that monarch with the store-cities are not, in reality, sufficient to prove indisputably that Ramses built Raamses and Pithom. It is possible that, both in the case of Raamses and that of Pithom, we have to reckon with anachronisms, similar to that in Gen. xlvii. 11.

In discussing the alleged Ramesside background of the Exodus narrative we must remember that the story of Jacob's entry into Egypt is staged in the Hyksos period, when the centre of Pharaonic rule, as far as the Hebrews were concerned, was, in fact, the Delta. When the Hyksos had been expelled, Egyptian control was maintained, it may be assumed, with great energy over such remnants of the Hyksos as remained after the defeat of their kinsmen in the Delta. Most likely, therefore, special arrangements were made for the protection of the Eastern Delta frontier, including the appointment of some particularly important officer as governor of the East Delta district. It is to be remembered, further, that acts of administration in Egypt, though exercised often without the knowledge of the Pharaoh, would be ascribed as personal acts to the monarch himself. This circumstance must be kept in view in the study of Exodus: it greatly diminishes the value of the second argument for the Ramesside date of Exodus.

Egypt and Israel in the

The absence of all Biblical reference to Egyptian campaigns through Palestine in the Nineteenth Dynasty is no greater difficulty on the theory above advocated than is the silence of the Biblical narrative about the Philistine occupation of the Palestinian coast-land, if the Ramesside dating is accepted. The passage of the armies of Ramses and Merneptah through Palestine may have disturbed the life of the Israelites settled there as little as the southward sweep of the Persian hosts that invaded Egypt in the Sixth Century disturbed the Israel of that period. Ramses' famous treaty with the Hittites is an admission that the Egyptian Empire in Asia is practically at an end, and it is likely that the actual hold of Egypt on Palestine and Syria after the Amarna period was merely theoretical. All the facts, then, throw us back on the theory which dates the Exodus in the Eighteenth Dynasty, and makes the Pharaonic oppression begin with the expulsion of the Hyksos.

Attempts have been made recently to show that Tutankhamon was the Pharaoh of the Exodus. In favour of this theory it is alleged that the reform of Akhnaton must have stood in close relation with the monotheism which found its spokesman in Moses, and that the theology of Akhnaton becomes intelligible only if we postulate the religion of the Hebrews as one of its factors. It is further maintained that the reaction against Atonism brought with it a vigorous attempt to get rid of the Hebrews, as supporters of Akhnaton's reform, and that, since Tutankhamon was the leader of the counter-reform, he must have been the Pharaoh of the Exodus. This theory is not supported by anything that has hitherto been learned from the newly discovered tomb. It might have been advanced just as readily a decade ago. It labours, moreover, under a number of disabilities. It permits of no long, slow growth of Egyptian oppression, such as the Bible demands. It implies also a serious misunderstanding of Akhnaton's so-called monotheism, for practically all the striking features of Akhnaton's Hymn to Aton, in which it seems to rise to the level of

Days of Tutankhamon

Hebrew religion, can be shown to be quite Egyptian in character, and many, if not all, of them can be paralleled from Egyptian texts composed in the pre-Akhnaton period. It is impossible, however, to discuss this matter at due length in this paper. With the evidence which is, for the moment, at the disposal of scholars it is useless to seek to determine precisely from profane sources the actual date of the Exodus. Nor is it likely that the further systematic investigation of Tutankhamon's tomb will supply much material of importance for the study of Egypt's political history. It may well be, however, that the new interest in Egyptology aroused by the discovery of the tomb may attract to the study of the subject the ability which, working on the material already in hand, will ultimately succeed in finding a solution of the many problems which arise from the comparison of Egyptian records with the Biblical narrative.

P. BOYLAN.

HERMANN AND DOROTHEA

FROM 1689 to 1815 the English were in a state of recurring war against the French, and always in alliance for that purpose with some of the German States. Yet, till quite the close of that period, the influence of French literature was all-dominant here, and social relations with the French, during peace intervals, were numerous and good, while German literature was all but unknown and social relations with the Germans were few. How many quotations from German books would you find in English books before the end of the Eighteenth Century? Hardly one. The chief reason for this was the slow development of German poetry, and still slower of their prose, after the devastations of the Thirty Years' War. German was under eclipse during that Seventeenth Century, so brilliant in France and England. French was talked in the German Courts, as it had been at the Courts of the Plantagenets. Lessing, in the middle of the Eighteenth Century, said that he was tempted to write in French because German prose was not yet a sufficiently formed instrument. In style-evolution poetry usually goes in advance of prose. Not till long after Homer's times did easy Greek prose appear, nor good English prose till long after Chaucer, or in an easy and flexible form till long after Shakespeare. Klopstock and others had written fine serious verse, while German prose, till Lessing showed a better way, was hardly readable, except by the very patient.

The great German literature had its birth in the Seven Years' War, 1754-61, fought when men of the Goethe and Schiller generation were boys. The national spirit was stirred by the heroic stand made by Frederick II, at the head of the still small Prussian State, unaided except by some English subsidies, against the combined attack of France, Russia, and Austria. Then came the general revolt of the European mind, led by Rousseau and others,

Hermann and Dorothea

against stereotyped and out-worn art conceptions. Freed from these fetters the romantic spirit of the not yet too highly civilized German race came by its own, and appealed to something deep in the English disposition, perhaps an unconscious reminiscence of life in the wild fens and forests, well outside the Roman Empire, whence came across the northern sea our Saxon and Scandinavian ancestors. Certainly the fighting alliance against the Jacobin Republic and the Napoleonic despotism turned English taste towards German things. Walter Scott translated Bürger's ballads and Goethe's earliest play; Coleridge imported Kantian metaphysics; Campbell was teutonically inspired in some of his best, and some of his worst, lyrics. Early in the Nineteenth Century the German Catholic, or semi-Catholic, romantic literature, La Motte Fouqué and the rest, penetrated by wild charm and chivalrous ethics into thousands of English families, while Grimm and Hans Andersen and the priceless Struelpeter reigned supreme in our nurseries. The German Christmas tree, surrounded by German toys, appeared in England at about the time when Albert of Coburg espoused our young Queen. Carlyle, soaked in German, had become a powerful influence by the middle of the century. Political relations with Germany were almost always good, and were cemented by popular royal alliances. On the whole, English feeling was on the German side in the war of 1870. In the two decades after that there was much intercourse. English students went to German, if to any foreign, universities. The fame of German literature and science, philosophy, research, scholarship and, above all, music, was at high tide. At Cambridge in those days, as I can remember, one felt this in the very atmosphere. Never were political, social, and intellectual relations better than when Beaconsfield ruled in London and Bismarck in Berlin.

By the middle of the Nineteenth Century, though French still held the first place in English education, German had displaced Italian as the second foreign language. The Fräulein was abroad in the land, and

Hermann and Dorothea

young ladies were taught all Schiller and Heine's exquisite lays, and so much of Goethe as would pass a moral censorship. To know German enough to sing a love-song was essential to those who by music would charm and by tender sentiment subdue. "*Ich liebe dich*," "*So ganz alleine*"; "*Möchtest doch immer so bleiben*," "*Ich habe gelebt und geliebet*," the "*Lorelei*"—these soul-melting strains were absolutely necessary in æsthetic circles, while young dancers, now old or dead, in balmy nights of summer London or in winter county balls, swam in the dreaming valse on the soft stream of the "Blue Danube" or the love-longing "Stefanie."

Where are the songs and sounds of a happier age, these thoughts and feelings? Delicate denizens of the air, have they shrivelled in the flame of war? It would be a pity if German lost for ever its place in English education. To know and use English as a master one ought to know two other tongues: Latin, from which immediately, or through the French, we have the superstructure of our speech, and German, the language so close akin to its strong foundations. What do they know of English who only English know? For the English mind also it is good to read German as well as French, because each of those nations has something which the other possesses not at all, or in a less degree. French is lucid, condensed, shining and refined, but then one feels also a certain richness and depth and variety in the German mind, rather wanting in the much longer and more vigorously worked soil of French thought and feeling. Even a German style may be felt to have more of a future, though less of a past or present, than either French or English. Schiller, in an epigram not very polite, but true, says that the heavier Germans could never dance with grace to the elegant Gallic music:

Ringe, Deutscher, nach römischer Kraft, nach griechischen
Schönheit,

Beides gelang dir; doch nie glückte der gallischer Sprung.

(Strive, German, after Roman strength, after Greek beauty;

Both are within thy reach, but thou never wert happy in the
Gallic skip.)

Hermann and Dorothea

English schoolgirls, at any rate, like their dear young Victorian grandmothers, ought to learn German enough to read, if nothing else, Goethe's pure, noble and beautiful poem called *Hermann and Dorothea*. Goethe wrote this poem, in nine cantos, each dedicated to a Muse, in a few months in 1796-7. He was then about forty-seven years old, and in the most fruitful part of his life, following the Italian journeys of 1786-8, and the experience of a military campaign in 1792. All his best purely poetic works were then recently completed: *Tasso*, *Iphigenia*, *Faust*, and that sombre and splendid drama called the *Natural Daughter*. His spirit was serene, cleared from youthful turbidity. He was at the centre, or height, of his long life of 83 years, at the point where hardly abated procreative vigour most nearly coincides with sufficiently ripened experience. It is the latest summer, or earliest autumn, the richest fruit-bearing season, of life.

Schiller saw in *Hermann and Dorothea* "the highest point of Goethe's and of the whole new Art," and said of the poem: "I have seen it rise, and wondered even as much over the mode of its rising as over the work itself. While we others must laboriously put together and test, in order to produce something tolerable, he has only to shake the tree to see the fairest fruits fall, ripe and heavy." This was true of this poem, but Goethe kept in hand and unpublished for years most of his other long poetic works before he had given them the last perfections to his own satisfaction.

What was this "new Art" of which Schiller spoke? It was the return from the frozen conventions and last dregs of the classical "renaissance" to the sphere of nature's realities, while not departing from the simple and eternal principles of the poetic art, which, as that admirable critic Lessing had pointed out in his *Laocoon*, are best illustrated from the Homeric poems. This return to nature or reality was a manifestation of the *Zeit-Geist* in all provinces of life, but to Goethe, in poetry, belongs the chief credit of restraining the new freedom within the

Hermann and Dorothea

bounds of eternal order. *Hermann and Dorothea* is a lovely gem in this kind. Goethe, in the last years of his life, said to the faithful Eckermann that it was "almost the only one of my large poems which still satisfies me. I can never read it without strong interest."

The poem is written in the hexameter metre to which German, by reason of the plural endings and the sounded final *e*, is better adapted than is English, though Longfellow, in his *Evangeline*, proved himself, both in metre and in spirit, a good disciple of Goethe. In French, the metre is simply impossible, because that language has no dactyls. The German lines carry one along swimmingly, like the gondola in Clough's *Dipsychus*. These, for instance, describing the after-glow in the mind of the lover who has just lost sight of the actual form of the beloved:

Wie der wandernde Mann, der vor den Sinken der Sonne,
Sie noch einmal ins Auge, die schnell verschwindende, fasste,
Dann in dunkeln Gebüsch und an der Seite des Felsens
Schweben siehet ihr Bild; wohin er die Blicke nur wendet;
Eilet es vor und glänzt und schwänkt im herrlichen Farben;
So bewegte vor Hermann die liebliche Bildung des Mädchens,
Sanft sich vorbei, und schien dem Pfad ins Getreide zu folgen.

The last two lines turn themselves easily into English:

So before Hermann moved the lovely form of the maiden
Softly thereby, and seemed to follow the path through the
cornland.

Even the vague feeling takes the form of externalized action, which is the real province of poetry.

The theme of the poem is simplicity itself. All the action takes place in one summer day in and near a quietly busy market town not far east of the Rhine. Hermann is the only son of the innkeeper of the Golden Lion; Dorothea is one of a party of refugees from west of Rhine, flying from the devastating movements of armies in, we may suppose, the year 1793. The French Revolution was, at first, hailed with joy by many of the bordering Germans, discontented with their own *ancien régime*, as it was also in the Austrian and Dutch Netherlands, Italy, and elsewhere. Many felt it a joy merely to be alive in

Hermann and Dorothea

that new world-dawn, as the older and wiser Wordsworth said of that young Wordsworth who, in 1791, solemnly danced for joy in France round a table, "and round and round we danced and round and round." Presumably, Jones danced also. "Jones, when from Calais southward you and I, accordant bent our steps." And then that love affair! Wordsworth illegitimately passionate! How intoxicating the atmosphere! Goethe, who had seen all this, gives a vivid description of this Revolution feeling and the later change. The Richter, a rural magistrate who is with the refugees, is relating. May I offer a prose rendering of this history-illuminating passage?

Who can deny that his heart rose high within him, and beat in a free-er breast with purer pulse when the new sun ascended in first splendour, when we heard of the rights of man, common to all, of inspiring freedom, and glorious equality? Then each man hoped to live his own life; the bonds encircling many lands, controlled by idleness and selfishness, seemed to be loosened. Did not all the people in those stressful days look towards the city already so long the capital of the world, and now more than ever deserving that noble name? Did not the names of those men, the first Announcers of freedom, seem the highest under the stars? Did not in every man courage and thought and speech wax strong?

And we first, as neighbours, were vividly kindled. Then began the War and the hosts of armed Franks drew nearer, but they seemed to bring only friendship. And they brought it indeed, for the souls of all of them were raised high; gaily they planted the cheerful trees of freedom, and promised to each his own self-rule. Highly did youth rejoice; Age also was glad, and the merry dance began under the new banners. So won they soon, the overpowering Franks, first the spirit of men with their fiery, cheerful enterprise, and then the hearts of women with their irresistible charm. Light then seemed to us the weight of much-needing war, for hope swam afar before our eyes, and onward allured our vision down new-opened roads.

O, how joyous the time when, before the longed-for marriage day, the bridegroom swings in the dance with the bride, but lordlier far was that when the highest that man can think seemed so near and within reach. Loosened then was every tongue, youths spoke full of high thought and feeling, and also the old and grey.

Hermann and Dorothea

But soon clouds veiled the sky. A corrupt race strode to mastery, unworthy to do good. They murdered each other and oppressed the new neighbours and brethren, and sent to us self-seeking men, and their officers robbed and despoiled us on the great scale and down to the smallest, and the only care of us all was to have something left for the morrow. No one heard our cry, for these men were the lords of the day. All too great was the need, and daily grew the oppression. Sorrow and rage befell us, and each one only swore revenge for suffering and for hope doubly betrayed. Then fortune turned to the German side and the Franks by swift marches retired. Ah! now then first we felt the mournful fate of war. For the victor is great and good—so at least he seems to be—and spares the conquered man as if he were his own, if he is of use to him daily and serves him with that which he has. But the fugitive knows no law, since all he can hope is to fly from death, and he uses goods only hastily and heedlessly. His spirit, too, is inflamed and despair prompts his heart to evil deeds; nothing is any more sacred to him; he becomes a robber. Wild desire in him presses with violence upon women and turns glad liking into horror. Everywhere the foe sees death, and cruelly enjoys the last minutes, rejoices in blood, and rejoices in cries of woe.

The Richter then describes how the German peasants, driven by hatred and revenge, sounded the tocsin from their church towers, and with scythes and pitchforks slew without mercy the stragglers and plunderers from the retreating French armies, as the Spaniards did in the Peninsular War, and the Russians in the retreat from Moscow. Their wild fury was not unjustified. An English writer, well acquainted with this story, says:

What shall I say of the endless evils that accompanied the march of the French revolutionary armies? The desolation of provinces, the plunder of cities, the spoliation of Church property, the desecration of altars, the proscription of the virtuous, the exaltation of unworthy members of society, the horrid mummeries of religion practised in many of the conquered cities, the degradation of life, and the profanation of death—such were the calamities that marked the course of these devastating hosts.*

* J. B. Robertson's *Memoir of Dr. Moehler*, 1843. In his prose comedy, *Der Bürgergeneral*, Goethe makes a character speak of the behaviour of the French Republicans in German Provinces, "where good-natured fools fell on their necks at first," and "where they began with flatteries

Hermann and Dorothea

From these scenes of woe let us return to the bright parlour of the Golden Lion, where towards noon, as in a free land undisturbed by pedantic licensing hours, the landlord sits drinking the good Rhine wine and discoursing of public and local affairs with his "*kluge, verständige Haus-frau*" (his clever, intelligent wife), and, when they enter, with the wise parson, the *Pfarrherr*, and the neighbouring apothecary, a cautious and prudent man. To them enters Hermann, the "*wohl-gebildete Sohn*"—and narrates his visit to the refugees as they passed through the street that morning on their way to camp at a village near by. He had been sent by his excellent parents to take to them food and linen. From the sad plight of the refugees the conversation easily leads to the expediency, or non-expediency, of marrying amid such dangers and uncertainties, and thence to the concrete question of marriage for Hermann, who, as against the apothecary, has advocated marriage as woman-protecting and man-strengthening—and so especially fit for the times. He is told by his excellent but choleric father that he ought to marry soon and well—the daughter of a well-to-do neighbour is suggested. But Hermann had been smitten to the heart by one of the refugees with whom he had spoken, the tall, dark-eyed Dorothea. He says that he cannot love or marry the would-be fashionable girl, who despises his rusticity, selected by his father, and leaves the room sadly. His "good, understanding mother" chides the father for unkind words, and soon follows her son to find and comfort him. Beyond the garden he is gone, beyond the rich sloping vineyard with its trellised walk, even beyond the ripe golden cornfield on the upland, and she finds him sitting dejectedly beneath the old pear tree, planted no one knows when, which marks the boundary of the little estate. He confesses his love, says that if the father thinks like that, he had better become a soldier; the mother returns with him to the inn, and explains and intercedes. As a compromise the worthy

and promises, and ended with violence, robbery, expulsion of respectable people, and every kind of ill treatment."

Hermann and Dorothea

innkeeper allows the wise benevolent parson and the cautious apothecary to go to the refugee camp and bring back a report on Dorothea. Hermann drives them thither—the harnessing of the horse is described with Homeric gusto and detail—they hear from the Richter of Dorothea's character and a heroic war deed—they see her without speaking to her, and are convinced, and drive back in the cart, leaving Hermann to see the maiden and to return on foot. In a quite lovely scene he finds her by the well outside the village—as Isaac found Rebecca—and helps her to draw water, and tells her that his parents wish for a maiden to help them in their house: will she come? Dorothea assents, thinking that he means that she should come as a servant. He guides her by the footpath through the August sunset and the soft twilight to the inn, where parson and apothecary have already made their report. The innkeeper receives her, thinking that his son has already wooed and won, with rather too boisterous wit. The girl breaks down, and says, "Let me go back; I ought never to have come. I knew that I already loved him too much to be a servant in the house." Floods of tears from the mother and the girl. The father, worried by this display of feminine emotion, says, "Just like women, all this fuss. Nothing is so intolerable as women crying over things that can be put right by just a little reason. I am going to bed." Explanations from Hermann and wise remarks by the parson, and all ends well.

"Now," says Hermann, "I have a firm foundation of life, and can fight if need be for the Fatherland. For God and Right, wives, parents and children should all fight, and this, not a wavering timid spirit and conduct, becomes a German. If I know that the house and the dear parents are cared for by thee, O then will my breast with security be opposed to the foe. And if everyone thought as I do, so would Might stand against Might, and we should all rejoice in peace."

The story ends on this patriotic note, rare in the works of Goethe, like that to which Schiller gave death-

Hermann and Dorothea

less expression in his *Wilhelm Tell* poem of resistance against foreign oppression, written in 1804, the year in which the military power of France was hanging in the West like a black storm-cloud, and threatened domination over all Europe.

That is all the one day's story of Hermann and Dorothea, nothing more, told in some 2,000 hexameter lines. The details of the poem are quite lovely. There is a freshness like that of an April morning. No poem of modern times is more truly in the spirit of Homer. There is not really a word too little or too much, and not a note of false taste. The movement is swiftly continuous like that of a calm, clear, rapid stream, the description never holds up the reader, but is always intimately one with the forward-moving action; it is a series of scenes clear-drawn as those in Homer, or as those in the Bible stories of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob or Joseph. These pictures stand out vividly in one's mind and memory, just as scenes, with all their surroundings, in one's own past life, stand out so flamingly and terribly, or so softly and delicately, scenes where the sensitive faculty, heightened by wild passion or bitter suffering, or great joy, or any intensity of action, registers with extraordinary fidelity and vividity the impressions which eye, or ear, or mind receive. In order to make the reader see and feel, if indeed he has eyes to see and heart to feel, the poet himself must see lucidly and feel vividly. Deep-drowned in the day-dream he should see and hear his imagined characters as if they were there, living, before his physical eyes, as if he saw them, and their surroundings, and heard them speak, with all his senses actually and intensely engaged. His story should be a revelation to himself, first, if it is to become one to his readers. "Living feeling of the object and capacity to express it makes the poet," said Goethe.* Art and Science—to quote one of Goethe's maxims—are like doing and action in the ordinary world-life, in that success depends upon seeing the object clearly, and then dealing with it rightly in accordance with its nature. Many modern poets and

* Eckermann's *Gespräche mit Goethe*.

Hermann and Dorothea

artists, like, perhaps, many modern statesmen, seem to begin to deal before they have clearly visualized the object with which they are dealing.

"The business of the poet," says Goethe in another prose maxim, "is representation (*darstellung*). The highest in that way is if the poetry vies with reality, that is, if the descriptions are made, through the animating spirit (*geist*), so living that they seem to be present to everyone. At its highest point Poetry seems quite outward—the more it withdraws into the Inner, the more it is on its way to decline." To the same effect he says, elsewhere, that "reflective Poetry which represents only the Inner and does not incorporate it in outward action, or else does not, at least, let the Outer make itself visible, as it were, through the Inner, is the last step in the passage from the land of poetry into that of prose." How one feels this in the longer poems of such poets as Cowper, Young, Thomson, Wordsworth. It is like the passage of religion from theological and doctrinal objectivity, through subjective sentimentalism, into general indifference.

On these principles the greatest English poet of his time was Byron. Crabbe and Walter Scott belonged to the same objective school, but had not the same poetic power, inborn style and force, though, certainly, Scott's *Marmion* is one of the finest pieces of epic in English. Goethe said of Byron, "Although a wild and inadequately cultivated genius, Lord Byron is one in natural truth and greatness, and for this reason there is scarcely one comparable to him." And, on another occasion, "He is a great Talent, a born Talent, and I have never seen the true poetical power greater in any man than in him. In the apprehension of external objects, and a clear penetration into past situations, he is quite as great as Shakespeare, though as a pure individuality Shakespeare is his superior." This opinion as to Byron was European in Goethe's day—it was held in France and Italy as well as in Germany by the minds most fit to judge. This is not a verdict to be despised, even allowing for the deluding

Hermann and Dorothea

power of the *Zeit-Geist*. Perhaps, in future, when the clouds since collected have cleared away, the poem of *Manfred*, at least, will stand out against the blue of heaven shining like the height of the Matterhorn, above all the lower summits of that time, flowery though their slopes and rich though their pastures may be.

Goethe once made, in conversation, without giving his reasons, the remark that, perhaps, foreigners could appreciate Shakespeare and Byron better than Englishmen. If this is so, then in some sense Englishmen should be able to appreciate Goethe more truly than Germans. Certainly, outside a great building, and at some distance, one can conceive it as a whole, and grasp its relation to other objects better than when close at hand, the more so since the attention is not distracted by details. Possibly, for instance, a not unsympathetic outsider can see the Catholic Church and its position in space and time better than those who have spent their whole lives within it, and are so happily one with it that, in a sense, they cannot see it. One sees but does not consciously look at a landscape in which one lives. It is almost part of oneself.

Carlyle, in his noble essay on Boswell's *Johnson*, maintains that actual history rightly known and vividly told is the true poetic material, that there is more of what we mean by poetry in things which really were and have credibly been witnessed and reported, and from this evidence reproduced by the poetic imagination, than in scenes which poets purely invent. In the thing which has been, and now is not, there is infinite pathos. "That History, after all, is the true Poetry; that Reality, if rightly interpreted, is grander than Fiction; more, that even in the right interpretation of Reality does genuine Poetry consist."

Following this ideal, Carlyle wrote his *French Revolution*, a kind of epic poem. It is certainly natural to desire that a tale should be true. The first question as to a story asked by an intelligent child is, "But is it really true?" The beginning of all "fiction" is a true story well told;

Hermann and Dorothea

the end of it is a story so well told that, for the delusive moment, it seems to be true. No doubt there was some kind of Greek siege of Ilium; some travelling warrior like Ulysses. The poems grew out of facts. Poets were not yet clever enough to invent entirely from their own fancy. From these head-springs flowed the Iliad and Odyssey, continually enriched, as by brooks streaming into a main river, by the imagination of the minstrels who, round winter fires, after banquets, chanted to patron chiefs ancestral deeds. At the other end of the poetic road was the highly civilized Virgil. He built his poem on a vague and false tradition which flattered Roman pride and that of the Julian House. He neither believed in it, nor in his deities, only in "*Omnipotens Fortuna, et ineluctabile Fatum.*" But so well did he embody the scenes of life that for the reader the illusion was created, so that near four centuries later the boy Augustine, not yet absorbed in the strongest realities, wept when he read of the woes of "a certain Dido." Dido was a fiction, but an everlasting thing is an empassioned woman forsaken by a satiated lover, pursuing a more distant and, now to him, more important end.

How does a poet create the illusion of reality? Partly by concentration and selection of material. This gives speed to the narrative, holds fast the attention of the reader, and gives him no time to think "this really never happened." Bore him by a dragging passage, pedantic observations, a bad line, anything which excites the critical spirit, and it is all over with the illusion. Milton and Wordsworth often let the reader down like this. Partly, also, the effect is produced by the absence of the poet himself, the narrator, from the scene of action. This absence distinguishes objective from subjective and sentimental art. Not that the author may not be there as a dramatic character—Dante, for instance, is the chief actor in his immense poem, the whole time on the stage. But the poet must not call attention to himself by his own disquisitions, criticism, philosophic reflections. As in the *Divine Comedy*, the play or epic must proceed

Hermann and Dorothea

through the words and actions of the actors, so that the reader may forget for the time being that it is "only a story," and never really happened. Nor should the poem explain to us, by way of comment, what the actors thought or felt; this should be manifested by their outward looks, words and actions. A poem should resemble real life in action, not talk about things. Many clever novelists, Thackeray, for instance, and George Eliot, and, above all, the amiable, interminable and wearisome Henry James, are full of incessant talk of the author about his characters and their feelings and motives. It becomes a real bore when the author is never out of the room. An author can receive no greater compliment from his reader than to be quite forgotten by him in the intensity of attention aroused by his magic.

As the poet or novelist should not talk and philosophize about his characters, but let them manifest themselves, so also he should take care not to divert attention to his own presence by mannerisms and peculiarities of style. The end of style is to express in the shortest, strongest, finest, simplest, most exact mode, the thoughts, passions and actions represented, not to show how clever and ingenious the writer is, or what words and phrasing peculiar to himself he can display. Style should be like a road so good and smooth and straight, that the traveller in his car hardly notices the surface on which he is conveyed. Or one might compare it to the dress of a woman of taste, perfectly fitted to its end—herself—and not calling attention to itself by eccentricities or peculiarities. If, in a poem or novel, the writer, like Browning or Meredith in their periods of decadence, perpetually calls attention to himself through his manner, then the illusion of reality is destroyed. Eccentricity of style at first allures the attention of the public, and then, in the end, the writer becomes a slave, sometimes almost a martyr to it, as Carlyle became, when, old and weary, he was entangled in his history of Frederick.

I have suggested that no modern poet has written a poem more Homeric in spirit and form than this *Hermann*

Hermann and Dorothea

and Dorothea. Goethe achieved by supreme art, that verity to which the old Homeric bards were impelled, so naively and artlessly, by Nature. It must be so. In a complex and, if you like to call it so, sophisticated civilization, a grown-up and mature one in any case, Art—that is, Will with Purpose and Skill—is necessary if the ever-true handling, which Nature teaches in a simpler state, is to be recaptured and adapted to deeper thought and more complex surroundings. This necessity of deliberate will and choice, in lieu of almost purely instinctive process, did not make Goethe's poetry "artificial," that is, posing as something alien to his real spirit. There is, as to treatment, one sound rule, or fundamental form or principle (*grund-sätz*) in poetry, as there is in religion one rule of faith, but this, applied either to a modern subject, as in *Hermann*, or to a theme drawn from the ancient world, but with modern feeling, as in Goethe's *Iphigeneia*, or Matthew Arnold's *Empedocles*, or from the mediæval, as Tennyson's *Morte d'Arthur*, produces a result real and sincere, not artificial or imitated. "The form remains, the function never dies," as Wordsworth said of the river Duddon, but actually the same water never passes twice under the same bridge. The essential form of poetry is the eternal thing, the *sine qua non*; the material with which it deals, the human race and its surroundings, like the water, while retaining a certain general character, is in perpetual change. Poetry is, therefore, from one point of view always the same, from another it is always changing; old and new, permanent and transient, are indissolubly bound up together in it.

By will, design, labour and applied skill, the modern poet must recover the closeness to Nature's realities which the primitive poet had from Nature's direct teaching, and the result will be all the richer in the end. Virgil followed Homer's style, but, informed by fuller thought and more delicate feeling, the result of intervening time, he drank from a far deeper Pierian well. Homer, compared with Virgil, is a fine book for boys.

Hermann and Dorothea

Goethe says, in a right noble sonnet, that the seeming contradiction between Nature and Art will be solved by intellect and honest toil, and that when discipline of Art is achieved, free Nature can again glow in the heart. The Artist must recognize his boundaries, and lay down for himself the moral law of restraint, which early poets, or plastic artists, had, like song-birds, from natural limitations:

Natur und Kunst, sie schienen sich zu fliehen,
Und haben sich, eh man es denkt, gefunden ;
Der Widerwille ist auch mir verschwunden,
Und beide scheinen gleich mich anzuziehen.

Es gilt wohl nur ein redliches Bemühen ;
Und wenn wir erst, in abgemessnen Stunden,
Mit Geist und Fleiss uns an die Kunst gebunden,
Mag frei Natur im Herzen wieder glühen.

So ist's mit aller Bildung auch beschaffen ;
Vergebens werden ungebundene Geister
Nach der Vollendung reiner Höhe streben.

Wer Grosses will, muss sich zusammen raffen ;
In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister ;
Und das Gesetz nur kann uns Freiheit geben.*

"Only Law can give us Freedom." That is something eternally and universally true, but too often forgotten or denied.

BERNARD HOLLAND.

* Nature and Art seem to fly from one another, and yet, before one thinks it they have found each other ; the contradiction is vanished for me, and both seem to draw me on at once. Only honest labour makes good, and if we first, in consecrated hours, have bound ourselves with spirit and diligence to Art, free Nature may again glow in our hearts. So is it with all cultivation ; in vain will unbounded spirits strive to achieve pure heights. He who wills greatness must pull himself together ; in limitation the Master first shows himself, and only Law can give us Freedom.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

MISS EILEEN POWER, a former fellow and lecturer of Girton College near Cambridge, has produced a large book of over 700 pages on *Mediæval English Nunneries* (Cambridge University Press), in which she purports to give "a general picture of English nunnery life during a definite period, the three centuries before the dissolution," or, as stated on the title page, from about 1257 to 1535. She does not attempt to deal with all the English nunneries which were in existence during that period: the Gilbertines are omitted for reasons which are not very cogent. The number of houses included in her survey is 138; and these houses she estimates to have contained "perhaps between 1,500 and 2,000 nuns." Granting the estimate to be fairly correct, and true of the whole period, the number of nuns at one time or another could not have been fewer than from 9,000 to 12,000 at a low estimate. But Miss Power shows elsewhere considerable reason for thinking that the numbers must have been much higher, unless the variation in the number of the community in three important houses of which she gives details (p. 215, note) was something very exceptional; the three houses being Romsey, Nuneaton and Shaftesbury. At Romsey the statutory number was 100, and at an election in 1333 ninety-one took part, but at the end there were only twenty-six; Nuneaton at the dissolution had twenty-three, but in 1234 four times that number; the Shaftesbury community was fixed at 120 in 1326, but there were only between fifty and sixty nuns at the dissolution. If we add 50 per cent. to Miss Power's dissolution estimate for the average number of nuns we shall probably be under-estimating it. But even then we should have a total of from 13,500 to 18,000 for the 260 years she professes to deal with. And numbers are of importance having regard to her method of treatment.

Miss Power ignores the good side of monastic life and concentrates on the failures. We do not for a moment

Mediaeval English Nunneries

suggest that this is done of *malice prepense* : it is probably the result of absolute ignorance of the life of nuns. However that may be, the reader of this book must not look for help in the understanding of the life of contemplatives : but he will find, set out with a flippant cynicism, practically all that can be got together reflecting on the fair fame of these English ladies. Registers, chronicles, collections of folk songs, mediæval romances have been searched, and the result is a hotchpot of detached historical facts fully authenticated, of statements made categorically without a scrap of evidence, of gleanings from English satirists more or less relevant to the matter in hand. The Wife of Bath and Madame Eglantyne, from the *Canterbury Tales*, are quoted and requoted till their names become offensive. Entries in the Bishop's registers, Langland and Chaucer, are all treated as if they were on the same level as historical evidence. And this is not enough ; to make weight, though Miss Power tells us that on the whole English nunneries were better than foreign ones, foreign visitations and foreign romances are drawn upon. The visitations of a Thirteenth Century archbishop of Rouen, and the Fifteenth Century Saxon visitations of the Austin Canon John Busch, between them take up fifty pages of small print in appendices ; whilst in the text and in appendices we have one of Boccaccio's most indecent stories and a number of grossly ribald quotations from Italian and French writers of doggerel. Throw enough mud and some of it will stick, appears to be the principle. But the whole of this foreign matter, welcome as it may be to the prurient, is absolutely irrelevant ; it swells the book and incidentally adds to the price which, of course, is an excellent consequence as it diminishes the sale. And there is another point ; Miss Power and the school to which she belongs quote the more salacious stories of Boccaccio and Chaucer ; but, as Father Thurston pointed out in *The Month* just fourteen years ago, no reference is made to the genuine contrition manifested by both these writers for their ribaldry.

It is, of course, to Miss Power's treatment of the

Some Recent Books

question of monastic immorality, sexual immorality, that we take exception. There was undoubtedly a certain amount of it, and there were some terrible examples, but there is nothing to show that it was ever other than sporadic. There appears to have been a bad outbreak in Yorkshire in the early Fourteenth Century and there was certainly another in the diocese of Lincoln in the middle of the Fifteenth; but in 1514 there was, as Miss Power points out, but one case in the diocese of Norwich. Why are the earlier bad periods to be regarded as normal, rather than the good Sixteenth Century one? As a matter of common justice one can only accept the cases which are proved: we cannot justly in such a matter argue from the known to the unknown. And the proved sinners form at the worst a very small proportion of, say, 15,000 nuns. This is obviously a matter for the application of Mabillon's dictum, quoted with approval in the general preface: "The historian," says the learned Benedictine, "whatever be his subject, is as definitely bound as the chemist to proclaim certainties as certain, falsehoods as false, and uncertainties as dubious."

That there should be some unhappy cases was inevitable: nothing else could be looked for when women vowed to contemplation mixed unnecessarily with the world. One cannot even comfort oneself with the thought that it was also a probable result of a large proportion of the nuns having been forced into monasteries against their will, which is asserted by Miss Power, though she does not produce a scrap of evidence to show that it was true of English nunneries. That there were bad cases is a matter of common knowledge, and that more will come to light is only to be expected and we have not the slightest desire that anything should be suppressed. It is the business of the historian to ascertain and publish facts pleasant or unpleasant; it is not his work to distort and wrongfully generalize from those facts—that may be left to the fanatic. Nunneries are not the only institutions which may suffer from the evil deeds of unworthy members. Girton itself may already have had black sheep; if not, it is to be

Mediaeval English Nunneries

congratulated. But it may be feared that in course of time the neighbouring University of Cambridge may prove as great a danger as the University of Oxford was for Godstow. Girton, in one way, would be in a better position than Godstow, for the college can get rid of an offending member which the convent could not do; but the sending down of the offender would not make much difference to the gutter press; the college would still be lampooned, and the well behaved would suffer. Would Miss Power think this just? Of one thing we can be quite sure, every effort would be made to hush up the misdeed: though in the eyes of some any reticence is reprehensible in the case of monastic lapses from virtue. This unsavoury subject looms large in the book, though half a dozen sentences would have sufficed to say everything of any importance. A careful examination of the book suggests that perhaps two minds controlled its composition; one of them that of someone with a fanatical prejudice against the religious life, whilst, as has been said, Miss Power herself appears to regard the matter too much from a flippantly cynical point of view.

It is pleasant to be able to speak more favourably of other parts of *Mediaeval English Nunneries*. The treatment of the economic side of nunnery life is an excellent bit of work, and had Miss Power contented herself with a monograph on this subject she would have produced something worthy to be placed on the shelf alongside Professor Savine's essay on the English monasteries on the eve of the dissolution. The chapter on the nuns' financial difficulties is particularly interesting. That on private property is hardly less so. It is clear that monastic law on this subject was often disregarded in spite of the efforts of bishops. Miss Power brings together much interesting matter, and a careful perusal of what she writes clears one's ideas as to the *raison d'être* of the chapters of secular canonesses found on the Continent, most of which were originally convents of Benedictine or Augustinian nuns. The chapter on education, too, is distinctly good. Lacking sufficient information, we reserve our judgment in

Some Recent Books

regard to the nuns themselves ; but Miss Power makes it quite clear that the common opinion as to the education of children in nunneries must be drastically revised. Available evidence points to a strong dislike to their presence on the part of the bishops.

One regrets having to find so much fault with a book which contains such excellent matter and which in itself is evidence of very considerable industry. But truth compels us to say that if Miss Power takes Dom Mabillon's excellent teaching as a guide there is much in her book which must needs be amended.

E. B.

MISS POWER'S volume belongs to a series of Cambridge Studies in Mediæval Life and Thought, the object of which, according to Mr. Coulton its editor, is to satisfy a "craving for clearer facts." He goes on: "Our facts being thus secured, the reader will judge our inferences on their own merits, and something will have been done to dissipate that cloud of suspicion which hangs over too many important chapters in the social and religious history of the Middle Ages." To this, Miss Power adds that her book claims to be "a general picture of English nunnery life during a definite period, the three centuries before the dissolution." The historian reminds her readers that her main source of illustrative detail is the list of complaints investigated by the bishop at a certain number out of the 138 convents during certain years out of three centuries. She urges that, where no such complaints survive, it is at least possible that there were no grounds for them. She refuses to use the evidence of the Commissioners of Henry VIII.

Yet both Miss Power and Mr. Coulton are betrayed by this volume, and with them the Cambridge School of Modern History. With them is betrayed, too, most of the competent, honest, and careful historical work done in England and America on the Mediæval Period in English History, wherever it leaves the strictly political or purely military aspect. Even there, many conclusions

Mediaeval English Nunneries

are vitiated. The object of an historian we take to be, to achieve for himself, and to share with others, imaginative truth. Now, the truth about any human individual or institution, living or dead, is only attainable through sympathy, which explains, among many other things, why Mr. Lytton Strachey is so much more successful as the historian of Eighteenth Century France than of Nineteenth Century England. No sympathetic criticism of mediævalism in any form is possible to anyone who has failed to realize that society was then specifically claiming and definitely attempting to be Christian, that the Unseen was the generally accepted background to life, and that the next world was regarded as more important than this one. No historian can create in the mind of his readers a truthful image of this, if he fails to allow for the fact that, particularly among students and scholars, agnostics now are as plentiful as Christians were then, and that unless he is precisely instructed, no agnostic can take for granted, or even apprehend, any emotional or intellectual background but his own.

Miss Power points out again and again, with a surprise surprising in an historian, the humanity of her erring and peccant heroines. What an historian writing of Mediæval England for the Twentieth Century needs to point out is, not that the motives and actions of nuns, or of anyone else, were surprisingly human in the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Centuries, but that, from the Sixth to the Sixteenth Century, the surprising thing about Western humanity was that its aims and standards were definitely and explicitly superhuman, that nuns who sat up late backbiting were people who, for purely spiritual gain, had vowed poverty, chastity, and obedience; that the professed who had broken any of these vows had yet made them; that these vows, even when made perforce or for unworthy motive in the first place, were yet regarded as vows; that in a passionate, lax, and scandalous age, these offences which constitute Miss Power's records were reported and recognized as scandals.

This book is not a "general picture of English nunnery

Some Recent Books

life during a definite period," nor does it do anything "to dissipate that cloud of suspicion which hangs over . . . the religious history of the Middle Ages." It is a spirited account of the Boat Race written for the denizens of the Sahara by one who has a slight prejudice against rowing as unnecessarily strenuous and somewhat foolish. It is a lively account of monogamy, written for polygamists by one who has never been in love. It is a humorous account of human frailty, as exemplified by culpable nuns of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Centuries, written by one who has not apprehended the truth that Faith is illuminative and not operative. E. H. D.

WHEN the Darwin Celebrations took place at Cambridge in 1909, considerable interest was focused on the delegation from the Catholic University of Louvain; and its pronouncement greatly astonished many who had imagined that on the topic of evolution the Catholic Church maintained an obdurate attitude of disapprobation. Readers of *Darwinism and Catholic Thought*, by Canon Dorlodot, translated by Dr. Messenger (Burns, Oates and Washbourne), will learn that the Church through some of her greatest saints, such as St. Augustine of Hippo and St. Gregory of Nyssa, has not merely tolerated but fully permitted the theoretical position of Evolution, merely waiting for complete proof to accord complete acceptance. That complete proof Canon Dorlodot maintains is now forthcoming and the object of his book is to show how the theory, or, as he would call it, fact of Transformism accommodates itself to Catholic teaching. For this purpose he commences with a very masterly discussion of the attitude of the Church to Biblical interpretation, and more especially to the interpretation of the first chapters of Genesis, which may be commended to all readers unfamiliar with that attitude as probably the best account available in English. Let us diverge for a moment to say how excellent a translation of the French original this is. Particularly he stresses the fact that we have to distinguish between

Darwinism & Catholic Thought

what pertains to Faith and Morals and what merely to those natural things, where the Fathers may be wrong on account of the ignorance of the day concerning them. The learned Father Hetzenauer has very clearly stated the position in connection with the once vexed question of the universality of the Flood where he says: "The Fathers, neither directly nor indirectly, put forward the geographical universality of the Flood as the sense of the Church, or as a doctrine of faith or morals; therefore Tradition in the strict sense does not teach this universality." The distinction is one which it is most important to keep before one's mind when considering many questions which have in days gone by troubled men's minds and which will continue to do so.

As to the main fact of Transformism, the Canon has no doubt whatever; and his tribute to Charles Darwin—the prophet who made the world think about a subject which before his time had been debated for more than two thousand years—is as full-throated as the most ardent admirer could desire: "The more science progresses, the more resounding becomes the voice of Nature proclaiming the glory of its Creator. And among the heralds employed by Nature in order to spread its voice right to the extremities of the globe, I think that it is only right to put Charles Darwin in the first rank, side by side with that other glory of Cambridge, Isaac Newton." One can almost feel the solid earth shake as the late Thomas Henry Huxley turns in his grave at the contemplation of such words coming from the bosom of that Church which he believed to be so inimical to the idea of Evolution, that, as he himself foolishly says, he would have welcomed that theory, if for no other reason than that it was calculated to annoy the ancient enemy of all knowledge, namely, the Church of God!

And the Canon is quite clear that St. Augustine and St. Gregory of Nyssa set down all that was necessary to cover any measure of Evolution as yet established or indeed ever likely to be established. Others have not thought with him on this point, and no doubt there are to-day those who

Some Recent Books

will still disagree. We may recall a well-known controversy in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* in 1899 in which the two sides were ably argued. The present reviewer agrees with the Canon as far at least as St. Augustine and his "*rationes seminales*" go, and feels little doubt that he is correct also in his interpretation of St. Gregory. A real novelty in the book is the introduction of certain "proofs" based on "Catholic philosophy and theology," which transform "into an absolute and reasoned certitude the conviction of the simple naturalist in favour of a very advanced system of Transformism," and "oblige us to accept, at least as extremely probable, the theory which derives all living beings from one or a few elementary organisms as Darwin did."

We confess that, after careful consideration of the first of these we find ourselves a little puzzled. The *facts*, he tells us (p. 98) are so numerous and there is such a convergence of them towards one and the same conclusion that it is impossible to refrain from accepting that conclusion, namely, Transformism. Either, then, the conclusion is true or we have been led by the Author of Nature to one which is false. But that is impossible. It does not seem to us that this really amounts to anything more than saying, "The facts prove the conclusion"—a statement that might be made about the Degradation of Energy, or a score of other well-established laws of Nature. Of course, we must remember that, though the learned Canon finds the facts in favour of Transformism compel complete conviction in his mind, others do not feel quite so certain and would be unwilling to go further than to say, "Transformism holds the field as the best working hypothesis to-day, but it is not wholly inconceivable that a better one may some day emerge. Let us above all things remember than an explanation which explains, need not necessarily be the true explanation of a given group of facts." With that reservation we must not deny our gratitude to the Canon for making it abundantly clear to the non-Catholic world that it is possible for a Catholic dignitary in a Catholic University to hold the

Louise Imogen Guiney

gospel of Transformism as firmly as the most ardent neo-Darwinian of to-day, and to publish a confession of his faith in a book which in French has the Imprimatur of the University of Louvain and in its English dress that of the Archdiocese of Westminster. That, at least, should (but most probably will not) dispose of a great deal of the ignorance respecting the Catholic attitude. There may be space sufficient to add that we think rather scanty justice has been done to the ideas of the Successionists in the exegesis of the early chapters of Genesis, and that we are surprised at the attitude of the author to the modern as opposed to the Thomistic doctrine as to the time of the infusion of the *anima rationalis*. All embryology to our mind points to the former, but the Canon will have none of it; and whatever else may be said about him and his most interesting book there can be no gainsaying the statement that he is quite definitely positive in his assertions and in his negations.

B. C. A. W.

“THE Civil War was at its bursting-point, the President calling for recruits: it was impertinent of me, but in that solemn hour (7 June, 1861) I came a-crowding into the world.” Louise Imogen Guiney’s father was General Patrick Robert Guiney, a young Irishman of twenty-four, naturalized in the United States since the age of seven. His daughter’s story, *Louise Imogen Guiney*, by E. M. Tenison (Macmillan), rightly begins with him, for she remained a soldier-worshipping girl and woman to the end of her life. Her father was worthy of her devotion, and it was by a natural transition that she went on from him to Sir Philip Sidney, from whom she takes the motto for one of her books of verse; to Henri de la Rochejacquelin, the Vendéan leader, whose life she wrote in *Monsieur Henri: A Footnote to History*; to the Cavaliers and the Cavalier lyrists. Her father’s patriotic ideals inspired many of her poems, and, of course, his Catholicism and his Irish ancestry were hers also. He was wounded in the Civil War, and died of this wound

Some Recent Books

thirteen years later, when Louise was but sixteen. She would have wished to become a nun but that duty called her to the support of her mother and an aunt. Her biographer says: "This was the reason she might not enter the Order of the Sacred Heart, where only those free of any binding duty in the world are recognized as having a supreme vocation." "Mary hath chosen the better part." Did Martha find this a hard saying? Louise, however, was afraid neither of hard sayings nor of hard work, and later on, after ten years of authorship, became Postmistress of Auburndale, Massachusetts, where she worked for eleven hours a day and had the joy of enduring a short persecution for her faith. In 1895 she was in England making literary pilgrimages, after which she went back for a while to work in the Catalogue Department of the Boston Public Library. But she was always homesick for Europe, for Ireland, and for Oxford, where she finally took up her abode. That "home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties" (or causes, beliefs, and loyalties which Matthew Arnold thought lost and impossible) was fittingly hers. Therefore, she compiled her book on Hurrell Froude, and wrote learnedly on Edmund Campion and Robert Emmet and James Clarence Mangan. And her life of high-hearted gaiety and courage was fittingly crowned with disappointment. In conjunction with Father Geoffrey Bliss she had spent her last few years on an anthology of the "Recusant Poets." In itself this was at once an act of abnegation and devotion. "In her love for poetry, Louise Guiney silenced her lute as soon as she accepted, once and for all, the belief that it had lost its magic," and in her love for poetry and for Catholicism she turned to these "Recusant Poets." During the years of the war she worked at it, enduring actual cold and hunger, cheerfully, so only that Poetry and Religion might be served. Working against time, she died on All Souls' Day, 1920, and since her death her book has failed to find a publisher.

Miss Tenison's book is a little too elaborate, and she

The Social Mission of Charity

does not persuade the present reviewer to share her own very high opinion of Miss Guiney's poetry, but she does persuade him that her hero-worship is fully justified. Louise Imogen Guiney "endured hardness as a good soldier." "Her father was transfused into her blood."

F. P.

VARIOUS studies in poverty have recently appeared. Each has approached the subject in its own particular way. We are not, however, aware that any treatment hitherto published would claim to be an adequate presentation of so elusive and complicated a subject. Nor does the author of *The Social Mission of Charity*, by W. J. Kerby (New York, Macmillan and Co.), pretend to have done this. His work is the second of the "Social Science Series," and his precise object is to set forth a "study of points of view in Catholic Charities." Other numbers are to follow, and if we may judge from those which have appeared they will receive a ready welcome. The present volume is confessedly a study of principles. Applications and details are to come later. The author's consistent detachment from actual social facts and figures constitutes the specific feature of his work. The substance of the book is the inner nature and qualities of poverty, the four conditions of its prevention or alleviation (justice, equality, charity, and property), and the activities therein involved. These principles are minutely studied in the course of sixteen thoughtful chapters. Poverty is shown to arise from and to be perpetuated by individual deficiencies or misfortune, and to be increased and perpetuated by the various unsocial activities of its environment. Generally the poor are less endowed than their more fortunate fellows. They are the first to suffer in the struggle for a living. Their poverty is increased and, so to say, crystallized by the general selfishness, or because the State has failed to intervene on behalf of the weak, or because, when the State has at length discharged some measure of its duty to the disinherited, its provisions are neglected or evaded. "Failure in the strong

Some Recent Books

classes to visualize these pitiable conditions have left the weak helpless and doomed them to the agony of a thwarted life" (p. 26). While poverty, as is shown, has often its roots in the individual, it is also the outcome of neglect or feebleness on the part of the government. It is a challenge to Christians. It is a cancerous growth in modern society. And "there are those who seem to think that the poor are unlike the rest of mankind, that they are destined to be poor, adapted by temperament to poverty, and that there is no way of preventing it" (p. 42).

We must envisage the totality of causes that engender poverty—the personal faults of the poor, the heedless cruelty of so many who are not poor, the unchecked pressure of original sin. Restoration must go deeper than the mere sociological process. "There is no duty toward the poor more pressing than that laid upon the Church, of asserting the spiritual element in life, of declaring the supremacy of the law of God and its immediate obligation through the entire range of life. . . . No constructive policies can replace the grace of God and the action of the will in dealing with the sin element as a cause of poverty" (p. 52).

The first active principle of restoration is found in the union of social forces. Society, like the body, is an organism. Isolated action is often wasteful or futile. "To act as one good Samaritan dealing with one wounded man in these days would defeat every larger impulse of charity, and leave untouched much of the misery of the poor" (p. 3). Similarly: "Any attempt to defend faulty methods of indifferent service or disregard the most effective methods of charity known to the mind of man, must be interpreted as an indignity to the spiritual life" (p. 93).

We cannot expect that want or poverty of one kind or another will ever disappear wholly from the world. Yet much may and ought to be prevented. Many approach the question with false notions; or, as the author writes: "To assume that the poor exist to exercise the virtue of the rich; that they are entirely to blame for their

The State and the Church

poverty, or not at all; that they are born to their lot and should not be disturbed by aspiration for better things, cannot fail to work disaster upon both strong and weak" (p. 114).

Very much will be found in these pages to help and encourage the teacher and social worker at every turn. But the help will come from principles and not by rules or examples. The author rightly insists that the service and restoration of the poor is the special work of the Church. He emphasizes the need of organization, of the division of labour, of willingness to learn the best methods of Christian action.

The earlier portion of the study on the nature and qualities of poverty will appear to some to be the more important and original contribution of the author. Still it must be admitted that the later chapters, where he faces the actual needs and difficulties of socialized Christian charity, are of the highest practical importance. In a chapter on our present needs he lays stress on the need of the expert, of a directory of Catholic Charities, the standardizing of certain lines of social service, the holding of conferences, and of formal courses of instruction in colleges and universities. New books often repeat the old ones. This does not. It is a distinctly Catholic work, clear and decided in its social outlook, and champions a great endeavour for the removal of the scandal of widespread poverty in the midst of an opulent civilization. All social workers should have access to this first-rate study.

H. P.

NOW that the intellectual life of the American people is advancing towards maturity, we cannot but admire the recent increase of literature in the United States on matters of grave urgency. Unemployment, social welfare, the conditions of industry, and the prerogatives of sovereign States, are storm centres of the hour. Under the effective patronage of the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Council, two notable volumes have already been published, namely,

Some Recent Books

The Church and Labour and *The Social Mission of Charity*. A third number of the series is now issued bearing the title of *The State and the Church*, by John Ryan, D.D., and Moorhouse F. X. Millar, S.J. (New York: Macmillan). The three works are unique in our English language, and must be reckoned as contributions of the first rank to their respective subjects.

We hear much of the power of Catholic principles and rightly ascribe the world's disconcerting unrest to their absence. Still, many persons within the fold would be at a loss to name offhand more than one or two of those principles which are the true basis and framework of social life. They have, nevertheless, been precisely set down in the pronouncements of Leo XIII on *The Christian Constitution of States* (1885), on *Liberty* (1888), *The Duties of Christian Citizens* (1890), on *Christian Democracy* (1901), by Benedict XV on *International Reconciliation* (1914), and by Pius XI on *Peace* (1922), and on the whole question of *Post-War Reparations* (1923). But as far as one can gather these documents are little studied even by the educated among the laity. Yet the authority of the State is often challenged or evaded. The impression is common that law is made by man, not indeed by the individual, but by the conjoint will of the people. Law is enacted by the fiat of a lobby division followed by the formality of the royal assent. And as law-making begins with the people, or in other words with the voters, it is taken to be a mere human institution without responsibility to any higher power.

This mentality is thus described by F. A. Pollard: "The growth of positive law at the expense of divine and natural law, and the idea that human will and mundane counsels could amend the foundations of society, is the beginning of the sovereignty of parliament" (quoted p. 125). The work of the writers of this volume has been to recover and apply an ancient tradition—the doctrine of Catholic writers from Aquinas onwards. That tradition stands in vivid contrast with the views of many legislators. The sense of this tradition may be expressed

The State and the Church

in a few words. There is a God who takes an active interest in human welfare and progress. That welfare is attainable only by the observance of a definitely ascertainable natural law binding on all persons and at all times, in all places, and upon all forms of society. From that supreme authority no man, no association of men and no section of society, is exempt. This universal law of mankind binds the individual as such, impels him to the state of marriage—the primary and basic condition of human society. By a similar impulse or instinct of nature, it leads men at a certain stage of development to establish a public institution or grouping of families, which we call a State. And just as duties and rights emerge by natural law from the very existence of the human personality, so likewise do they emerge for the true guidance of the family and of the State. By the consent of parents marriage is established, sanctioned and protected, by the providential laws of nature. So, too, by the consent of the multitude the State is formed and is thenceforth endowed with fresh powers arising from the very nature of the civil institution. Thus comes into being an association or moral structure of free men with its definite purpose, or *raison d'être*—the welfare of all. Nature's laws are the outcome of nature and ultimately of the divine lawgiver, who determines that human life shall be such and no other. For the source of this power we are of necessity thrown back upon the will, the purpose, the provision of the ultimate reality which is God Himself. Sovereign power comes, therefore, through the action of the people, and not from the head of the State. "There is no power but from God." God, the author of nature, works through the agencies implanted by Him in nature, whose highest manifestation is man, intelligent and free. Such in a few words is the ground-plan of this volume. In this connection we are confronted with the defunct theory of the divine right of kings, the legitimacy or illegitimacy of rebellion (as in the case of the American War of Independence), or the odium of class legislation.

The method adopted by the writers is to take first the

Some Recent Books

pronouncements of Popes and Bishops. Then follows a commentary or explanation of the graver matters in question. Still, any general statement of laws and principles would have fallen far short of the purpose of this searching study. Principles had to be brought into relation with the concrete and ever-varying facts of life. Did the theory of the sovereignty of the people arise from the ancient pagan oligarchies or feudal lordships? How did it fare in the Middle Ages? What brought on a recrudescence of far-off tyrannies and absolute rule in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries? In what sense could the principles of Rousseau or the Revolution of 1789 be thought of as the outcome of popular power? Accepting, as the authors do, the American Constitution as an ideal of what State rule should be, are we to suppose that this remarkable creation sprang without literary antecedents from the minds of those who framed it? No pains are spared to give a satisfactory answer to these questions. Jefferson did but state the traditional view when he said: "Power is, by God and nature, vested in, and derived from, the people: magistrates are their trustees and servants, and at all times amenable to them. Government is, or ought to be, instituted for the common benefit and security of the people, nation, or community" (p. 177). As might have been anticipated, the outlook of American writers is upon realities. Principles are investigated, because principles are so often utterly wrong. History is interrogated, so that events may be traced to their causes, and credit or blame be justly assigned. But the main issue of it all is "what makes for human benefit?" Hence they return again and again to the idea of the true purpose of the State. And the view they propound, the traditional view, has, within the last few years, secured a more explicit and general acceptance. The State is but a means to an end. The days of State worship, the days of the subjection of the individual or the family to the predominance of the State idol, have passed away. To say that the purpose of the State is the "common good" is true, but ill-defined. "Human welfare" states it

Flying Leaves

somewhat more distinctly. Dr. Ryan sums up his view in a short paragraph: "The common good means not only the good of all in general, or as a whole, but the good of every class, and so far as practicable, the good of every individual. To put the matter in summary terms, the State is under obligation to promote the welfare of its citizens as a whole, as members of families and as members of social classes" (p. 207). This book is both profound and practical. H. P.

UNDER the title of *Flying Leaves*, by the Right Rev. Sir David Hunter Blair (Heath Cranton), papers written on different occasions between 1892 and 1921 on agreeably varied topics are brought together in permanent form. The playful and serious are mingled with enjoyable freedom. Individual readers will experience little difficulty in deciding which they prefer, for the choice is large enough. For, besides articles on the Universities (Oxford, Cambridge, and Glasgow), the Popes (Leo XIII, Pius X, and Pius XI), biographical memoirs (George Lane Fox and Lord Lovat), places (Abbotsford, Llanthony, Cabbage-Valley), we have purely literary sections which the author calls Sketches and Snapshots. His touch is light and pleasing, even in his graver pieces. In his brighter moments he charms us by the simple humanity of his style and with an easy flow that is as refreshing as it is natural. It is a book to pick up at any time, to enjoy one of its short chapters, and to be the better for it. It is enriched with six full-page photographic illustrations and has a complete index of names. H. P.

THE issue of *Andrew Lang's Poetical Works* in four volumes (Longmans) seems a supererogation of piety; for this collected Paradise of minor poetry might well have been reduced by his kinder friend Mr. Gosse to the limits of one volume, without the result that

There shall thy futile fancies peak and pine
With other minor poets, pallid shapes,
Who come a long way short of the divine.

Some Recent Books

Poetry devoted to golf and cricket cannot live long and even the "Ballade of Dead Cricketers" reads stiffly compared to Francis Thompson's dirge for the old heroes of Lancashire cricket. References to the Grace brothers and Mr. Stead are not immortal stuff; but if Lewis Morris was described as Tennyson's butler, Lang would have made him a delightful caddie. These four volumes cover a great deal of ground with parody or translation from Greek, Latin and French. The rendering of the Latin of Leo XIII, "in praise of frugality," is worthy of the original, but a comparison with Cory's "Heraclitus" shows how feeble the translation of the Greek Anthology can be. Light and ringing are the lines, which touch on a whole gallery of heroes and writers, Joan of Arc, Burnaby, Stevenson, Gordon, Ouida and Mark Twain. Loyal Lyrics will rejoice the Jacobite adherents of the White Rose, and especially memorable is the picture of Walter Scott creeping to the Stuart tomb in St. Peter's. One thing Andrew Lang achieved, the perfect reproduction of the Villonesque Ballad in English.

Katharine Tynan's *Evensong* (Basil Blackwell) strikes a different and less dilettante note, perhaps because her themes are Catholic, such as *Sponsa Dei*, the Ass of Heaven, and the delicious appeal to St. Joseph instead of the usual house agents:

Joseph, send of your grace
A wee little house for my ease,
In a green and sheltered place
With a hive for the honey bees.

In another mood the Irish landscape filters its strange lights through her pages, such as "Golden Evening" at Killiney, the haunted woods of Abbeyleix and "Mayo," with its lingering memory of the most pathetic of Irish folk-songs. The rebellious refusal of Irish birds to observe the curfew is one of the few humours of the last years in Ireland.

S. L.

THE *Poems* of Father Edwin Essex, O.P. (Macdonald), are tight packed, as we should expect them to be, with right thinking as well as right feeling. The vocabu-

Poems

lary has a direct terseness rarely attained by contemporary writers ; it fits exactly the theme ; it forgoes verbal ease and decoration. The whole book seeks enclosure—is itself, so to say, a friar in style. And every poem is a preaching friar at that. Blake's saying that "Christ is Imagination" is recalled when we encounter poetry that lives on the love of Him :

But, O, the solitudes,
Should'st Thou not come—
The stricken silences
When Thou art dumb !

We feel the Presence in all Father Essex's poems—his is the Word. A slight surprise given to a familiar text is one of his feats, as in the last lines of *The Good Thief* :

This thy chief and final theft
Of Pardon brands thee robber doubly-deft !

We have like experience in reading the lines entitled *Impenitence* :

Silently He turns aside,
As a friend a gift denied,
Sorrowing because of him
Who withstands His loving whim :
Grieves for him who will not spare
Half the load He came to share
If the favour He could win
Of the burden of a sin !

Even *The Tramp* (colleague to the Friar on many an old road) comes close to us in a Friar's presentation of him :

If, as the sun went down,
He crept into the town, . . .
Men left their talk and play
And met him in the way,
And took him by the hand
Prepared to understand,
And rang the old church-bell
That all might greet him well . . .
On that most lovely even
God would be glad in Heaven.

The perfect lines headed *Reticence* ("For A. M.") give

Some Recent Books

the key to Father Essex's own characteristics ; his, too, are " vision, travail, venture, choice." Of Father McNabb's brief Preface we need not say more than that we have read and re-read it till we nearly know it by heart.

W. M.

MR. JOSEPH CLAYTON'S *Economics for Christians* (Basil Blackwell) offers an appealing programme and guide out of the industrial entanglements which have unmerried England. " Experience has proved man to be a co-operative animal," and Mr. Clayton's cry is—what shall it profiteer a man if he gain the whole world and lose his neighbour's love? The alternative to gruelling Capitalism is " co-operative labour for the satisfaction of human needs." Mr. Clayton is angry because it pays to grow luxuries abroad, but not corn in England. Catholicism will survive the system of capital and dividends, but must content herself in a period of unregulated production with succouring the uncared-for producers. The only true trade is productive labour. Shares and stocks are phantasmic and do not possibly add to wealth. " Mortgaging land does not increase its fertility. Only labour can do that." Mr. Clayton points out that fear is the weakness of the constitutional conservative as " the weakness of the revolutionary is incapacity to understand man's constitutional defects." Capitalism must aim at use before profit. Mr. Clayton, the most careful and stimulating of our social writers, may be read together with Mr. Haynes' *Enemies of Liberty* (Grant Richards), written from the opposite doctrinal position. But among such enemies Mr. Haynes does not prove the Catholic Church, for he shows that she is the only one seriously regarded by logical thinkers in any camp. " On the question of property the Cardinal is usually sound, for the Catholic Church has always had the sense to support the principle of private property logically and thoroughly. Anglicans wobble on this question as on most others." Mr. Haynes finds Catholics with him on Prohibition, but not on Birth-control. He finds it illogical on the

Tennyson

part of Catholics to say "that intercourse is permissible at certain times when it is suggested that fertilization is less likely to occur." The law of the Church is based on that of Nature, and if Nature causes a certain measure of birth-control herself it is surely not illogical to take advantage of it. Mr. Haynes finds that "the Catholic Church from the earliest times has always been liberal on questions of morality as opposed to questions of belief." We think he means that the Church is kinder to sins of the flesh than to sins of the intellect. He devotes a chapter to the Protestant product of "Prudery" and finds that "the intense individualism of the Calvinist has resulted in what is called modern democracy." Protestant Churches are very variable. Scotch Presbyterians do not object to the liberal divorce prevalent in Scotland, while in Belfast they suppose it highly sinful. Can this be due to unconscious Catholic influence? The Nonconformists in England are as agitated by mixed bathing as the Anglicans by the mixed chalice. Only the Catholic Church remains serene and carries out her advisory and sensible disinfectant work through the Confessional. It is interesting to find that so independent a non-Catholic thinker as Mr. Haynes takes such serious note of Catholic writers and publicists. S. L.

MR. NICOLSON, whilst provoking little in the way of discussion, has made a genuine and successful attempt to portray *Tennyson* (Constable) in a sympathetic atmosphere to the modern mind. He claims that Tennyson's poetry lost half its power by the instructional being preferred to the lyric. In spite of his feelings for Tennyson, Mr. Nicolson is forced to admit that this poet was neither creative nor analytic, like the sterner Browning. The "flame of passion, and the cold nakedness of truth," he also shrank from.

The account of the life at Somersby is charming, with the "Gothic Hall," and above all the "darling room"; but no doubt, as Mr. Nicolson suggests, it was responsible for several odd traits in Tennyson's character. Then

Some Recent Books

occurs the Cambridge period ; but Tennyson, although gaining the Chancellor's medal, comes down without any degree. Alfred refuses to take up a profession. It was in 1833 that he was to receive the severe blow of Hallam's death. Then follows the "ten years' silence," during which was to appear the *Two Voices*. As Mr. Nicolson remarks, Tennyson was better at weaving than at demolishing doubts, and in a settled way falls back on "intuitive theology." A mystic he undoubtedly was ; but as Mr. Nicolson says, never quite "mystic enough."

One is struck by the restriction of Tennyson's love of nature and that with his short-sightedness his observation is so "microscopic." Ought Tennyson, on Carlyle's advice, to have given up writing verse, and attempted prose?

In 1846 (with some criticism) he receives a pension, which enables him, among other things, to get massage treatment for baldness. There is an amusing description of *The Times'* attack on Tennyson for his *In Memoriam*, objecting to a "Cantab being styled a rose"! But it was that poem that was to glorify him for over forty years. Then there were those readings, when one might "evade the point by becoming broken-down . . ." It is interesting that Sir John Simeon (a convert to Catholicism), was one of Tennyson's three most intimate friends ; and that he should have been given the manuscript of *In Memoriam*.

Patmore, too, had been an early friend of Tennyson ; but we are told he was "dropped," whenever he "showed signs of independent judgment"! Tennyson, if nothing else, managed to keep English poetry stationary for sixty years, as Mr. Gosse remarks. "Degenerate, subversive, atheistic and immoral," he could never be called, in spite of his veneer of paganism. Mr. Nicolson shows how the ground of attack on Tennyson, three times shifted. Anyhow, his domesticity at least was an "obsession." The writer is successful in his summing up of Tennyson's views on "Love, Politics, and Religion"; but his estimate of Tennyson's poetry shows a certain immaturity.

D. H. S. C.

Men Like Gods

WHEN Mgr. R. H. Benson wrote badly, he reminded one of Mr. H. G. Wells. While reading *Men Like Gods* (Cassell), Mr. Wells's latest book, one finds that it is Mr. Wells who reminds us, as inferior, of the inferior Benson. Without any doubt, Benson took more trouble over his most careless books, and felt more inspiration even then, than Mr. Wells has taken over this, or felt while writing it. You cry, not: Here is Benson's model; but Benson would have made a lot out of this material! This means that Mr. Wells was not excited enough. When he has got hold of a new idea, some royal mouse or other, he plays with it with a quite drunken joy till a new mouse comes, which it very soon does—long before, in fact, the first poor little brute has been finished with. But off goes Mr. Wells. Mr. Wells's back garden is strewn with mice—half-dealt-with; not even properly killed. I cannot say that the spectacle is pleasing. There is a pleasure in watching a cat delirious with its private ecstasies, and rolling about and kicking; but you are sick and sorry for the mouse. Frankly, puppies are better to watch, or foals. Mr. Wells used nearly always to be enjoyable to read, because he was so delirious. But one was very sorry for the ideas that he was mauling, and to see him in this book mauling ideas without any delirium to compensate, does not please. What are the ideas? On the whole, Utopia, eugenics and Christianity. I cannot say that Mr. Wells deals seriously with the notion of an Einstein-ian fourth dimension, though he does deal with it, amateurishly and quite unnecessarily. We were perfectly ready to accept the "aboriginal lie" that a Martian—there is no need to re-name the inhabitants of Mr. Wells's New World—managed to break into our cosmic order and to transport a group of motorists out of it into his own; especially as Mr. Wells's new world is not in the least "fourth dimensional." It is simply an "improved" version of this one, with more flowers, fewer clothes, no microbes, advances in science far slighter than that of electricity over gas, and the general acceptance of Wellsian ideas. There is, I confess, one

Some Recent Books

effort to be really fourth-dimensional: the Utopians do not talk, but they think, and human minds "get" their thoughts in such mind-language as they are accustomed to. (I confess this is very scholastic—*Quidquid recipitur secundum modum recipientis recipitur*—but the new setting of this ancient truth does not impress me very deeply.) Very well. By this misfiring, so to say, of a Utopian experiment, a group of Earth-folk gets chucked into whatever planet or state the Utopians belong to. Who are these Earth-folk? Well, they are types presented by means of caricatures of well-known people. This is not good taste; but taste is not Mr. Wells's strong point. We might tolerate that, were the caricatures good-tempered and clever. Max Beerbohm's caricatures are always clever, but often malicious, and so our pleasure gets rather spoilt when we see them. But this society lady, this philosopher-politician, this vulgarian-peer, this *littérateur*, this ecclesiastical orator, are so *smudgy*, that your very recognition of their origins is interfered with. Do not say that a bad caricature, being bad, cannot be a caricature. Of course it can: an eye-glass and an orchid; a collar and an axe; cross-keys and a tiara—these are enough to make you know to whom the allusion is, but you are still free to say that here is a caricature, malicious, ill-devised, and unfinished if you think you have grounds for that. You say: "I suppose this is meant for So-and-so," and you are right. It is, and it is offensive. Mr. Wells goes nearest success with the actress, the two chauffeurs, and the Average Worthy Citizen round whom the book groups itself. But we are getting very tired of him: Mr. Wells is a deal too fond of—not of *him*, but of portraying his foibles and his sterling worth, and towards the end of this book Mr. Barnstaple becomes just a mouth-piece for formulæ. As for the caricature of Father Bernard Vaughan, we can be grateful for it as a document. It shows—not Father Vaughan in the very least, but what Mr. Wells is capable of seeing in Father Vaughan. It is a rather nasty condemnation of the author. In long speeches the Utopians explain that the

Men Like Gods

Earth is evidently where they were themselves in the latest Age of Confusion. Often Mr. Wells abandons even the speech-form and tells you in his own words what the Utopians meant. Since among his own words he likes to include a number such as *systole* and *diastole*, to read him becomes fatiguing. A very academic scheme of eugenics is set forth, and a perfectly mendacious account of the growth of Christianity under the mask of telling you what has happened in Utopia. We object to this. If Mr. Wells wants to say what he thinks were the lines of Christian development, let him. In fact, he has done so, in his *Outline*, for example. But he becomes offensive when he fakes a world in which he says various things happened which you observe he means to be a "suggestion" of what has happened in this one. Pages 67 and following cannot, of course, be criticized as an account of what happened in Utopia; but in so far as they are meant to relate, seen as it were obliquely, what happened on earth, they are just impertinent, and, as I said, untruthful. Upon my word, nothing else happens save the wholesale infection of the Utopians by the microbes these earth-bodies brought with them; the isolation of the Earthlings; their attempt to capture Utopia; and the hurling of the mountain on which they were interned back into their suitable three-dimensional existence. All this, had Mr. Wells troubled, could have flashed bright with his old inventiveness. But he has not worried to sit firm on either stool—though he shows a preference for the tripod from which he can preach. But most of the time he squats on the earth between the place of fancy and the seat of sermonizing, and his book is dusty as a consequence. The time came for Mr. Barnstaple, who alone had really got the "viewpoint" of his hosts, to be restored to Earth where he was to preach the Utopian ideal. Grim prospect. Earth, where people at least know how to love and be unselfish, is to be transformed, in 100 generations, into the high-brow and smug world of the naked, scientific, teutonically-critical Utopians. "Dear Dream of Hope and Loveliness, Farewell," said Mr.

Some Recent Books

Barnstaple (just like that), and then, "His very mind stood still." Quite so. It had never moved much. But to make up, his wife, when he got back to Sydenham, found he had grown three inches.

C. C. M.

THE *Jacob's Room*, described by Virginia Woolf (Hogarth Press), was, for the purposes of this story, first, his nursery, then his digs at Cambridge, then the place in Bloomsbury to which he never came back from the war—you just know it was the war, since his mother, at her window, hears as it were the beating of great carpets, but thinks it is too far off to be the guns. In fact, the authoress is something of a modern Hippokleides, who danced away his sweetheart—but "Hippokleides didn't care." I daresay Hippokleides would have been quite pleased to marry the heiress, and I suspect that to dance upside down on a table demanded a lot of skill ; but he was quite satisfied with having done it well, and was pleased just as an artist, too. So when I say that Miss Woolf frisks or stalks in procession—she has enough thoughts to make even her solitary progress a procession—she certainly follows rules quite of her own ; she likes doing it, and does it ; if the public falls in love with her for doing it, she is quite possibly pleased ; if they are infuriated, as they equally well may be, Miss Woolf doesn't care. If she sees a tiny piece of coloured surface, she says so ; and if she hears the merest splinter of sound, she repeats it—that is, if she wants to. Thus Putney to her is just Shrubberies and Billiard Tables—and, upon my word, it's enough to have said it. But the fragments of conversation she records are often enough quite meaningless—but again, is not that quite true ? And if she likes to remind herself of what a drawing-room sounds like, why shouldn't she ? We need not listen, she implies. Yet what she sees and says is almost frightfully clear-seen and said. Her suns are limelight ; you could cut patterns in her mists with scissors. Everyone, who no more than climbs the steps of a 'bus, or makes one comment, has a proper name. On the other hand, she

Jacob's Room

can let her thoughts shoot forward, in accurate connection, and the ivory ticket of a stick for which one is waiting at the British Museum cloak-room, sends her all over the world, and half through history in meditation. Sometimes she actually stands back and says: Now let us stop and think about bells, or spiders, or offices, or the Parthenon. And then she just talks, to us or to herself, as we please. She really does not care. She has got accustomed to thinking the world is made of shadows. "It seems then that men and women are equally at fault. It seems that a profound, impartial, and absolutely just opinion of our fellow-creatures is utterly unknown. . . . Life is but a procession of shadows, and God knows why it is that we embrace them so eagerly, and see them depart with such anguish, being shadows. And why, if this and much more than this is true, why are we yet surprised in the window corner by a sudden vision that the young man in the chair is of all things in the world the most real, the most solid, the best known to us—why, indeed? For, the moment after, we know nothing about him. Such is the manner of our seeing. Such the conditions of our love." "The Christians have the right to rouse most cities with their interpretation of the day's meaning. Then, less melodiously, dissenters of different sects issue a cantankerous emendation," is the only sentence that recalls that there is claimed by not a few some basis of permanence. Some continuous thread may be clutched at. Else, as she insists, after the first of two brutal pages, "the problem is insoluble." Jacob's and Florinda's most certainly was not; but Miss Woolf does not care enough, perhaps, about her own philosophy to want us to share it. May the authoress of this most amusing, most depressing book never so cease to care about her art as to grow slipshod. She should not have talked so cleverly about steam sirens twice in the same book; and how could one who is so daringly accurate about each word have allowed *Boulevard Raspaille* to pass?

C. C. M.

Some Recent Books

WE have seldom read a more unselfish book than the first volume of H. Pinard de la Boullaye's *Etude Comparée des Religions* (Beauchesne)—a monument of industry for which few will be properly grateful. It will provide no smart epigrams, nor even airy allusions to the author, such as can be made to Frazer or Reinach, or others whose success has been partly that of scandal. For it is a laborious tabulation of the ways in which writers have tackled the problem set by the varieties of religions that have existed or exist. The author gives the material necessary not so much—or not at all—for the comparison of religions, as for the formation of an opinion as to how that comparison should be embarked upon. This was absolutely necessary, and so dull that no one has done it in the least adequately so far. As he says, the task is incomplete, and impatient of completion, since new writers will presumably invent new methods if only to provide themselves with an excuse for writing yet another book. So this first volume will have to be kept rigorously up to date. Yet perhaps not. For one result of this historical inquiry is that we see cycles of method: pre-Christian students tended to use certain lines of approach which have been facilitated rather than substantially altered in modern times, except in so far as the theory of evolution, transported into the spiritual sphere, has governed the use of evidence during the recent period. But this is already showing signs of decrepitude. As a matter of fact, the only religion which, within its own history, shows signs of steady improvement and spiritualization, is the Jewish; while the effort to derive religion from some pre-religious stuff has involved (as in Frazer) such beggings of the question and so many vicious circles that it looks as if it would soon be given up. A parallel process is visible in psychology, which is by now coming into its own after the physiological period, so to call it, of men like Huxley and Haeckel. Soon we may hope to see psychology itself confess that it cannot do without philosophy, as Dr. William Brown has emphatically

Belief and Freedom

declared more than once. However, as we said, this book is just a statement of the methods adopted by those who have been fain to study the problem of religions; the next volume will discuss the value of these methods, and try to discover the true one. It is certain that the vices of many of the methods hitherto in vogue emerge from the mere statement of them in their historical perspective; the book has a value beyond its immediate purpose; but most certainly until we have seen how men have studied in this department, we shall be unlikely to perceive how we ought to study; and when we have done that, then the application of the method to the different religions shall follow safely, and, finally, the truth about their origin, relation, and value may shine forth. All serious libraries ought to get this book at once. It is up to the best traditions of scholarship in this or any country.

C. C. M.

IN *Belief and Freedom* (Burns, Oates and Washbourne) Mr. Bernard Holland, C.B., examines "certain main difficulties which hinder from crossing the many who arrive at the bank of the river which separates the Catholic Church from the rest of the world." And he adds: "I know what these difficulties are because I have myself made the passage. They are formidable in appearance, but, like spectres, turn out to be surprisingly unsubstantial and weak if one advances against them." Mr. Bernard Holland's biography of the late Duke of Devonshire was excellently done, and his articles in the quarterlies have, from time to time, arrested the attention; but he has been able in this admirable little treatise to put forth new and unsuspected powers. Nobody has brought to this subject a quieter and more confident mind and pen. There is no taint of the politician about him:

The patriotism of this spiritual realm is like to, but distinct from, national and secular patriotism; it is the same emotion, but flowing in a different channel. Acting in a distinct sphere,

Some Recent Books

as it does, Catholic patriotism, in these days, rarely collides with national. A Catholic has two *patrias*, the spiritual and the secular, and is faithful to both ; but, if ever they clash, he will know, like Sir Thomas More, which of the two to prefer.

The author defines Belief in a sense which lifts it above the uncertainties of individual idiosyncrasy :

Religion, like marriage or a profession, is a choice of life, and by far the greatest choice of life, because it dominates all the rest. Men say, "I wish I were able to believe." They can, if they choose. They are like a man who says, "I wish I could go to Paris," when nothing prevents him except deficiency of will-power ; they are hypnotized by the imagination that they cannot believe. The road of belief is open to them at every moment if only they will take the first step upon it—entrance into the Catholic Church. So long as they think that will and choice have nothing to do with the matter, they will not be believers. But let them once for all exert that will and choice, and enter the Catholic Church, and then they too will find that they do believe as part of the corporate society which does believe. St. Peter accepted union with Jesus Christ, and chose Him as guide and Master before, and not after, he proclaimed Him as Son of God.

Not long ago a Catholic who had lately read Mr. Chesterton's *The Ball and the Cross* went into St. Paul's, and put into verse his belief that within that "great Wren-nest" would be bred many a "homing bird" ; and Mr. Holland, too, likens the mysterious homing instinct of birds to the instinct of men and women of all nations, born outside the Church, to find their way within its ever open gates. A great point he makes, too, of the freedom given by observance of Law, of the restraint that is the creator of all force. He says, "The last great English poet has said this in words of power and beauty" ; and he quotes a famous passage from Francis Thompson's *Sister Songs*. Nobody has said wiser things in prose about Freedom than Mr. Holland ; and, beside his own telling words, he has the art of apt quotation, and from a wide range of sources. If it is true to say in a Protestant country, that "We are all of us born Catholics, but only

Miscellany of Irish Proverbs

a few of us find it out," this little book will surely help many and many observant readers to that very happy discovery.

W. M.

PROFESSOR D'RAHILLY has collected a fascinating *Miscellany of Irish Proverbs* (Talbot Press) with historical notes. It is regrettable that no Celtic Solomon has made a thesaurus of the minute and myriad wisdom of Irish saws and sayings. Though the Celt originated no world philosophy his mind threw off a wonderful store of "old words," as the Irish phrase has it. Some in this collection are historical, some scriptural, some pagan, some amusing, some pathetic—some too true to be humorous, some too melancholy to be true. "Woe to him whose betrayer sits at his table," is an allusion to the Last Supper. There is a wonderful tribute to Irish morality in the naïve words: "Beauty will not make the pot boil." The quintessence of feudal conservatism is contained in "Neither break a law nor make one." A pleasing account of the origin of the common proverb, "A priest baptizes his own child first," is that a poor man presented with septuplets at a birth was dissuaded by a priest from drowning them. The priest adopted one and persuaded six other priests to do likewise. Not unnaturally he baptized his adopted first. "Every flood has an ebb save God's grace," is replete with theology.

A whole tragedy (almost an O. Henry story) is contained in the sentence about the harper who burned his harp to make warm a wife who was afterwards faithless. Paganism lives in the word, "An Ossian after the Fianna," which contains a whole Epic. And a quaint phrase says, "Patrick did not come to Ireland on one foot," i.e., had more than one leg to stand on. Jonah's adventures are suggested in "A ship does be lost for one man."

Sometimes proverbs are worn down to proverbial phrases which become obsolete or meaningless, but the

Some Recent Books

use of a thousand years endears every one of the old sayings of Erin. Their study and repetition upon the tongue clarifies the heart, steadies the mind and honours Ireland.

S. L.